THE POOLS: By Fred Mulley, M.P.

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLVII. No. 1198 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1954 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	209
THE REPORT ON M.P.s' EXPENSES	212
THE POOL INVESTORS' CHARTER. By Fred Mulley, M.P.	212
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	213
SAVING BUTLER'S BACON. By Sagittarius	214
THIS ENGLAND	214
POTATO FARCE. By Kenneth Ochiltree	214
OPERATION IN JOHORE. By M. McMinnies	215
AFTERNOON ON TOUR. By Donal O'Conaill	218
LOST HORIZONS, BRIEF ENCOUNTERS	220
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT: Victoriana. By T. C. Worsley	221
Havergal Brian. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	221
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT—*contd.*	Page
Rebeyrolle and Stanley Spencer. By John Berger	221
Look and Listen. By William Salter	222
The Movies. By William Whitebait	222
CORRESPONDENCE	223
From Asher Lee; Christopher Mayhew, M.P.; Jack Longland; B. W. Dale; Hector Hawton; M. Pollard; Leslie Hale, M.P.; D. H. Miles; J. Ross; Lord Pakenham; Marjorie Durbin; Marjorie McIntosh, Sir William Lawther; Rose Macaulay; G. Rapp.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By A. J. P. Taylor	226
PASTORAL. By Emyr Humphreys	228
REVIEWS:	Page
Singular Experiment in Hollywood. By Noel Annan	228
Wae Is Me For Rabbie! By G. S. Fraser	228
American Pre-history. By Jacquetta Hawkes	230
A Musician's Composer. By Edward Sackville West	230
The Forms of Truth. By Kathleen Raine	231
Journey Without Destination. By Anthony Rhodes	232
Historical Novels. By John Raymond	232
SHORTER REVIEWS	233
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	234
CHESS. By Assiac	236
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	236

After the Deadlock Cordiale

THE Berlin Conference has gone according to plan. For very different and conflicting reasons, Mr. Dulles and Mr. Molotov are both well pleased with the impasse which has been reached. Neither wanted the Conference to take place at this time, and both are relieved that it has left Germany divided. Hence the apparent paradox, noted by every observer in Berlin, that the failure of the Foreign Ministers to negotiate on Germany has produced no sense of crisis. There is a deadlock—but a *Deadlock Cordiale*. Even Dr. Adenauer is well content. The only people who are really distressed are the Austrians, who were deprived at the last moment of a Treaty which seemed within their grasp, and the 18,000,000 inhabitants of the Eastern Zone of Germany, on whose behalf the Social Democrats vainly pleaded for a sensible compromise between the Powers.

Confident that it would be rejected, each side presented its familiar plan for unifying Germany. The West proposed the creation, under free elections, of an all-German Government completely free either to rearm or to remain neutral. This "freedom" was hardly likely to impress the Russians, since everyone knows that in the present mood of German opinion a united Germany would at once join the Atlantic Pact. In reply, Mr. Molotov made it clear that he would tolerate no elections which Adenauer would win, and proposed for his part a neutralised Germany committed in advance to the acceptance of the Oder-Neisse line, and a European security system including the Soviet Union and ranging the U.S. alongside Red China as an "observer." After this tit-for-tat on Germany, it was obvious that no agreement would be reached on Austria. Since the American troops are to remain on the Oder, the Russians were not likely to withdraw the Red Army from Vienna.

Except for those who like to study the techniques of diplomatic obstruction, there is no point in following the detailed procedures by which this pre-destined deadlock was reached. By agreeing to disagree on everything, the Foreign Ministers have left the balance of power and the division of Europe exactly as they were. What matters, therefore, is not what has happened in Berlin, but what will happen after Berlin in Paris and London. The Americans do not conceal their determination to use the deadlock in order to pressure the National Assembly in Paris into submission to German rearmament. In this task they can now rely on the help of the French Foreign Secretary. After months of hesitation M. Bidault has plumped for E.D.C., and throughout the Berlin Conference he vied with Mr Eden in loyal adherence to the American line. On his return to Paris, he will tell his countrymen that, since any agreement with the Russians is now excluded, the only choice is between admitting the Germans to E.D.C. and admitting them to Nato. A German contribution to a European army, he will argue, is surely a lesser evil than a German national army with a fully fledged German Staff.

Which way the National Assembly votes largely depends on the French Socialists, and their view, in turn, will be influenced by the special meeting of the Socialist International, which takes place next week in Brussels. Though in France, Britain and Germany Socialists are out of office, their attitude will decide whether the *Deadlock Cordiale* is transformed by German rearmament into a real deadlock. The view of Herr Ollenhauer and his colleagues of the S.P.D. is well known. They had pinned their faith on the possibility of a compromise in Berlin, under which the Russians would concede free elections and the Western Powers in return would abandon E.D.C. This compromise (which was not excluded by the Eden plan) has been ignored by Mr. Molotov. But the German Socialists, who cannot forget the plight of the Eastern Zone, will refuse to draw the conclusion that this means a permanent deadlock and a permanent division of Germany. Their aim at Brussels will be to leave the door open for further negotiation and to oppose any kind of German rearmament or Western integration which would make those negotiations more difficult.

The casting vote, therefore, will be that of the Labour Party delegation. In the Commons Labour voted against the ratification of E.D.C., and the Annual Conference at Margate last year pledged itself to oppose German rearmament until further efforts had been made for peaceful unification. Will the Labour Party now reach the conclusion that those "further efforts" were made in Berlin and press the French and German Socialists to support E.D.C.? Certainly there are powerful voices urging that this should be Labour's policy at Brussels. But we hope that Mr. Attlee, who in the past has resisted these influences, will stand firm. He at least realises that no positive effort was made by Mr. Eden to mediate between the intransigeance of Mr. Dulles and the intransigeance of Mr. Molotov. So far from putting forward any constructive British compromise, Mr. Eden was made the spokesman for a Western plan approved in every line by Mr. Dulles and Dr. Adenauer. Moreover, Mr. Attlee himself, in a remarkable speech last July, warned the Commons that any Four Power Conference on Germany was doomed to failure. Sharply criticising Lord Salisbury for his role at the Washington Conference, he remarked

> I am not at all happy about the proposed meeting of Foreign Secretaries. I quite agree that if there is some specific point on which we can get agreement it will be all to the good; but I cannot regard the future of Germany as one of those points. . . . To suggest that talk at high level on that particular crucial question is likely to be fruitful by itself seems to me to be an entire illusion.

Since Mr. Attlee's predictions have been precisely fulfilled, it would be strange if he were to regard the Berlin Conference as a genuine effort to achieve peaceful unification and a justification for abandoning the Labour Party's opposition to German rearmament. The right policy is to join with the German Socialists in seeking to preserve the comparatively friendly spirit of the present agreement to disagree. Above all, the Labour Party should refuse to accept the defeatist view that West Germany must now be rearmed on the ground that the Russian attitude excludes any possibility of achieving German unity by negotiation. If German unity cannot be achieved by agreement, it will be achieved by force, and those who provide that force by rearming Germany will be responsible for the catastrophe.

America and Indo-China

Which speak louder—General Weyland's B.36 bombers, mechanics and technicians, *plus* logistic support from the Philippines, or President Eisenhower's "firm assurances" of non-involvement in the French war in Indo-China? In the closed hearing of the Senate Foreign Relations this week, both the Acting Secretary of State and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff were called to report on the Indo-Chinese situation in response to widespread Congressional fears that this latest instalment of military aid suggested a rapid deterioration in the French position and the chance that American lives might be endangered. While Vietminh units probe the outer defences of Luang Prabang, and desertions on other sectors prove the declining morale of the French-Vietnamese troops, the Senate Committee was informed that the Communist forces have made no real military progress, and that the current "crisis" was "Red propaganda" to influence the Berlin Conference. Then why the sudden increase of bomber support? To prop up French morale? The Americans are clearly afraid of what they call "political weakness" in Paris. M. Bidault doubtless reassured Mr. Dulles in Berlin that such fears were groundless; but it is now clear to most Frenchmen that there are only two choices—to negotiate with Ho Chi Minh, or to fight a losing battle in American interests.

Purchase Tax

Naturally there are a large number of producers and traders, as well as of consumers, who would have liked Mr. Butler to cut Purchase Tax in his forthcoming Budget; but it is not at all surprising that he has refused to do so. The balance of payments position is by no means secure enough to encourage an all-round present of purchasing power to the consuming public; and if Mr. Butler can find scope for tax concessions he will probably prefer to make them in ways which are designed to provide incentives either to higher output or to increased investment, or to both. It is easy to see why the Co-operative movement in particular has always been opposed to Purchase Tax, and is now again raising its voice in protest. But the plain fact is that at present levels of income Purchase Tax remains a necessary instrument for keeping consumption within the limits that can be afforded without serious repercussions on exports—not to mention the difficulty of replacing the revenue derived from it.

Farmers and Subsidies

Debating, this week, supplementary estimates which bring the cost of food subsidies in 1953-54 up to £325m., the House of Commons focused attention on a problem which contains in many directions absurdities as great as those described by a Fife farmer on a later page of this issue, and yet presents difficulties to whose solution there is no royal road. The greater part of current expenditure is going to supporting guaranteed prices for unplanned production in a decontrolled market; though consumers are paying more for a number of basic foods, the burden on the Treasury is as great as ever. Given the Tory conception of "freedom," it can be reduced only in one of two ways. Either the Government must let the farmer down by scrapping the guarantees of the 1947 Act, or supplies must be so restricted—say, by limiting imports—that the consumer will be forced to pay at some seasons of the year prices high enough to compensate for a reduction in the guaranteed minimum during "flush" periods. One way out of this economic dilemma was suggested by Mrs. Castle, who instanced the contributory minimum price insurance scheme operated by egg producers in Holland and Denmark. But the question is wider than that. The essentials of a viable agricultural policy are, first, to set either a target for production or a maximum for subsidies, and then to work out how to apply, most economically and efficiently, such assistance to farmers as is required to reach the target or, conversely, to keep within the subsidy limits.

Colonel Wigg and the Private Bills

Colonel Wigg's attempt to force the Commons to revise what he considers the cumbrous, expensive and antiquated procedure for dealing with Private Bills (not to be confused with Private Members' Bills) deserves notice. Last week his tactic was to "object" to the Second Reading of a whole series of Private Bills as they were introduced. Thus he ensured the opportunity of debating them. This week he has succeeded, with great ingenuity, in using the consequent debate on the Ashridge (Bonar Law Memorial) Trust Bill to expound his views on procedure. Ministers are at present non-commital about what Mr. Crookshank called "this esoteric private matter." But that there is some force in Colonel Wigg's case for reform is undeniable; and it is on the cards that a Government promise to consider the arguments for an inquiry may lead to results. If so, it will constitute yet another example of Colonel Wigg's persistent and skilful enterprise on the back benches.

A Plague of Locusts

To Kenya's troubles has been added a plague of locusts. Fifty swarms, each spreading over hundreds of square miles, have invaded the farm lands of the colony as well as parts of Tanganyika and Eastern Uganda. The threat is real, but it has been tempered by the fact that there was a successful attack on the breeding grounds in Somaliland, where 25,000 "hopper" bands were destroyed at the end of last year. North-west winds carried the swarms from Somaliland to Nairobi and into the East African bush country of the nomadic cattle tribes. The precautionary measures have reduced what might have been one of the biggest plagues in history to manageable, if still disturbing, proportions. And the authorities are mobilising an all-out campaign during the next two months, before the rains come and the locusts settle and breed. A serious "second front" is appearing in Saudi Arabia, where billions of locusts are known to be breeding in the interior and on the coast, and may give rise to a plague over the whole of the Middle East.

DUBLIN

Under Two Flags

When politicians in the Republic speak of "a policy of coercion" in Northern Ireland, the attribution is never in doubt. They mean, of course, that Lord Brookeborough's Government remains in power by denying full democratic rights to the people of Ulster. Nearly all politicians in the Republic are prone to apply terms like "Gestapo Rule" to the Ulster Government. These have been part of the pattern of things in the Republic for a long time, and no leader of opinion has questioned their validity or wisdom until now. The critic is Mr. Ernest Blythe, a former Minister for Finance and Deputy Premier. In a speech that has caused something of a furore in the Republic he put forward the thesis that the Northern Ireland Nationalists should "abandon their policy of coercion, should respect the Union Jack, and give up trying to push the Tricolour to

the fore." Mr. Blythe was in effect coming to grips with Mr. De Valera. He expressly condemned the assumption made by the Constitution that the Republic has "rights" in the North.

Mr. Blythe said that Northern Nationalists were mistaken in thinking that the Tricolour was the national flag of all Ireland. It was not anything of the sort. Himself an old Sinn Feiner, he said that it was the flag of Easter Week and of the Twenty-Six Counties, and those who forced the Tricolour in the North were doing great harm in various ways. He argued that propaganda about a "police State" and "Gestapo" and talk about persecution could do no good, and only annoyed people on the other side. Partition would never be removed without first getting rid of the "politico-religious dividing line." There was no possibility of ending partition by any form of coercion; there would have to be persuasion.

PARIS

Opium for the Middle Class

Our Paris Correspondent writes: During the last two weeks, the newspapers, magazines, newsreels and television screens have been dominated by the bearded and highly-photogenic face of the Abbé Pierre—popularly known as "the Apostle of the Homeless." The sudden emergence of this single-minded and sincere man from comparative obscurity to the front pages is, as it happens, a complete accident. Ever since he resigned from the M.R.P. (in protest against the police methods employed at Brest in 1950), the Abbé has devoted himself to the homeless *clochards* of the Paris slums without attracting the slightest attention. Only the onset of exceptionally severe weather earlier this month, together with his temerity in inviting M. Lemaire, the Minister of Reconstruction, to the funeral of a three-month-old child who had died of cold, brought his work into the headlines.

The result was one of those periodic outbursts of soul-searching so characteristic of the French middle class. For ten days, the existence of a chronic housing shortage and of some hundreds of thousands of savagely underpaid workers was borne upon the popular conscience. The Abbé, who scarcely knew what was happening, was deluged with cast-off clothing and cheques and found himself compared—among other things—to St. Francis, St. Vincent de Paul, and an El Greco angel. It seems unlikely, however, that this emotional orgy—exploited with immense cynicism by the Government and Press—will achieve anything of permanent value. It has not succeeded in altering the target for housing construction (set at 125,000 for 1954—though 240,000 a year are required to keep pace with current requirements). Nor has it persuaded M. Faure to revise his "realistic" wage proposals (which entail an overall increase of salaries by a mere 1 per cent.). The sum total of what *France Soir* called "the wave of charity" seems to have been the donation of some £250,000 and a miscellaneous collection of old clothes, plus a few minor (and temporary) police concessions—such as allowing homeless people to sleep in disused Metro stations. Already there are signs that with the return of milder weather and the opening of the Spring fashion collections, public interest in the Abbé is beginning to wane.

Ironically enough, this rediscovery of the Church's role as an auxiliary to the Welfare State coincided with the latest Vatican attempts to stifle the social conscience of French Catholicism. Although the new statute for the worker-priests is still, theoretically, being studied at Rome, it is now quite clear that the Vatican is determined to wind up the movement as quickly as possible. The priests have been given until March 1 to reduce the number of hours they work in factories to three a day (72 of them have already protested against this order which, they claim, will mark the end of the mission). The seven Jesuits who belonged to the movement have, at the Pope's request, been seconded to other duties. The 200 seminarists of the Mission of France have been scattered and—despite official denials—the ban on new recruits remains absolute. There are also signs that the purge is being extended to cover the whole of the French Church. Last week, the three provincial superiors of the French Dominicans were replaced, and four other leading Dominicans suspended. The dismissal of the superiors can doubtless be explained by their failure to follow the example of the Jesuits and withdraw Dominican personnel from the worker-priest movement. But the other cases strike a new note and indicate that the Vatican is anxious to end, once and for all, the comparative intellectual freedom which the French clergy enjoy. One of the monks, Father Boiddelot, is the director of *Editions du Cerf*, which publishes *La Vie Intellectuelle*, and the man most responsible for what has been called the post-war intellectual renaissance of the French Church.

BERLIN

As the Conference Ends

Our Special Correspondent cables: Historically, this conference of the Big Four will prove to have been a minor episode. Unlike the Vienna Congress, this assembly did not dance: it didn't move enough for that. But if the West and Russia, as the saying goes, could not agree even on the time of day, at least they were of one mind that it was not one minute to twelve.

Before the conference reached its halfway mark, it was evident that the differences over Germany could not be bridged; and one of the two remaining potential areas of agreement was quickly eliminated when the Austrian State Treaty was again put in cold storage. Here the Russians at first out-manœuvred themselves in a manner which seemed to support the belief that Mr. Molotov was acting in compliance with a decision of the Soviet military chiefs against yielding one inch of the territory now controlled by Russian troops beyond the borders of the Soviet Union. By demanding the indefinite retention of Russian, British, American and French Forces in Austria even after the Austrian Treaty comes into force, Molotov appeared to torpedo any agreement which might have been possible in this issue.

Mr. Eden reasonably argued that the Russian condition would destroy the Treaty's principle purpose—the restoration of Austria's independence. Eden, Dulles and Bidault made a tangible concession in offering to accept Soviet amendments to the only five Articles now disputed in the Fifty-two-Article draft Treaty. On his side, Mr. Molotov punctured the familiar sentimentality about Austria by his prosaic reminder that 1,500,000 Austrians fought in Hitler's army and that 17 Austrian Divisions spread destruction and death in the Soviet Union. As for the Austrians, Herr Kornhuber, the Austrian delegation's Press Officer, telescoped ages of Viennese philosophy in his solemn verdict: "They could have solved the whole Austrian problem in an hour if only Molotov and Figl had sat alone together in a corner of a coffee house."

Two days before the conference ended, Kornhuber's magic formula almost produced a miracle; but, according to reliable conference circles, any compromise on the Austrian Treaty was prevented by Dulles. Figl *was* entertained by Molotov—not in a coffee house but at the Soviet Embassy, with Gromyko, Malik and others at the luncheon table. More by innuendo than by putting cards on the table, the Russians are reported to have hinted that they might withdraw their proposal that Allied troops should stay indefinitely in Austria, and that they might content themselves with the retention of these garrisons until 1955, in exchange for Austria's neutralisation. As Herr Raab, the Austrian Chancellor, had already publicly declared that his country would never join in any military alliance a pledge of neutrality would merely reaffirm existing policy. Raab, it is true, wants to have Molotov's demand for a ban on Austria's membership of "a coalition" defined precisely because he favours Austrian adherence to the European coal-steel pool. Nonetheless, a bargain on the withdrawal of troops in return for Austrian neutrality seemed a serious possibility when Mr. Dulles intervened. He is reported to have impressed on Figl that, tempting as the signature of an Austrian treaty might be, such a climax to the Berlin Conference would be a grave embarrassment to Dr. Adenauer and might threaten the chances of the passage of the E.D.C. treaty; for a last-minute success at the Conference would lead millions of Europeans to decide that one can "do business" with the Russians after all. It would be only a short step to their adding: "So why push through E.D.C. and German rearmament and thereby slam the door against real easement of East-West tension?"

In the conference's final stage one single area of possible accord survives—the proposal for an Asian Conference including Communist China. The Russians have retreated from their original suggestion that a Far Eastern conference should be assigned such vast problems as world disarmament, the control of atomic energy and the question of East-West trade, as well as the future of Korea. They have indicated that they would consent to the limited agenda which the West wanted—peace-making in Korea and Indo-China. It now seems possible that agreement will be reached on a meeting in Geneva in April, attended by all the Korean belligerents. The U.S.S.R. would "attend"—thus being bound by decisions—and China would "participate"—a status not involving recognition of Pekin by the U.S. On Indo-China, the Big Powers would be joined by the three Associated States.

The balance sheet of the conference would be incomplete if it failed to mention the role which M. Bidault played. Before the delegates met, Dulles had set himself the modest aim of keeping France inside the Western camp despite such allurements as Molotov would proffer by his stand against any revival of German militarism. As things turned out, the spectators here never saw a circus dog do his tricks with greater alacrity and zest than the dapper French Foreign Minister as he leapt through the hoop held by Mr. Dulles. This apparently led Mr. Dulles into a grave misjudgment. Echoed dutifully by the rest of the U.S. delegation and by the British and French representatives in Berlin, Dulles has never ceased to predict France's ratification of the E.D.C. Treaty. Several members of the U.S. delegation have been placing 10 and 25 dollar bets with American journalists that the French will have ratified by May 1. It is understandable that Dulles should refuse to countenance the rejection or shelving of the Treaty: that would mean the miscarriage of his entire European policy. Where Dulles and his advisers have possibly gone off the rails is in mistaking MM. Bidault, Pleven *et Cie.* for the French people. The fate of E.D.C. seems much more doubtful than the U.S. Administration cares to admit.

The Report on M.P.s' Expenses

In judging the Report on M.P.s' expenses, the public has got to face three broad questions—to all of which the Select Committee addressed itself and all of which it answers.

First, are the actual conditions of work and current level of M.P.s' expenses such as to make a watertight case for relief, on the grounds of either efficiency or hardship? The Select Committee says unequivocally that, unless the Member has access to other forms of income, they are

> . . . a considerable number of Members have made it clear beyond any doubt that they cannot, on the £1,000, afford the expenses which they deem necessary for carrying out their Parliamentary duties efficiently and, at the same time, maintain a reasonable standard of living for themselves and their families. Some have sold or mortgaged their homes: the savings that others had made before entering Parliament are now exhausted and debts are accumulating: others have sacrificed pension rights which they had established with a company or firm, in whose employ they were before entering Parliament, and are now at an age when it would be difficult, if not impossible, for them to find employment when they leave the House. . . .

Later in the Report, the Committee states:

> [The Inland Revenue figures] establish the fact that Members, out of the £1,000 a year paid to them, have, on the average, to pay out £750 a year on expenses which are "wholly, exclusively and necessarily" incurred in the performance of their duties.

The fact is that an M.P. without other sources of income has to live on what he has left after he has met these "necessary" expenses. Since the cost of doing an M.P.'s duty has greatly increased in the past eight years, the M.P.'s wage has been progressively diminishing. There are few, if any, other groups of workers of whom that is true.

Secondly, one must ask, do we want to create in this country the full-time and highly privileged professional politician found, for instance, in the United States and a number of other countries? *The Times*, in a solemn leading article last Wednesday, says, "No"; and then goes on to argue that the Committee's proposals do just that:

> Membership of the House of Commons [it argues] would, under the proposed arrangements, become a means for earning a decent livelihood, with the added security of a reasonable pension at sixty-five. . . . The salary proposed by the Select Committee and the suggested pensions scheme (which would be non-contributory) would come very nearly to the point—if they would not pass it—at which the payment would, in fact, be a strong inducement to pursue politics as a career, in the less acceptable sense of the word.

Is this really sensible or true? *The Times* gives part of the answer to itself in the same leader: ". . . a salary of £1,000—of which on an average £750 goes on inescapable expenses—is inadequate to secure the kind of House of Commons the country wants." Is £1,000 a year to be admitted as inadequate, while £1,500 (roughly the same as the £1,000 was worth when it was originally established) is sneered at as "a decent livelihood"? Or is it the pension which is the temptation to the unscrupulous—a small pension, hedged in with safeguards, to be paid to those who, in the words of the Report, "have given a large and important part of their working lives to the service of the House, thereby losing the chance which they might have had elsewhere of acquiring pension rights"? To anybody who knows the meagre material rewards of Parliament, this is a mischievous suggestion, especially when it emanates from a quarter which does not condemn the soft directorships and similar private commercial subventions which enable a number of Members to be independent of Parliamentary remuneration. In fact, the establishment of a proper pension (which need not be non-contributory) would go far to give older Members a degree of independence which they lack at present: if the pension could in certain circumstances be paid before the age of sixty-five, it might go even further. It may be, as both *The Times* and the Select Committee recognise, that Parliament is evolving into an institution which will demand the conditions of a wholetime established profession. If so, it may in due time be thought desirable to elevate it to the material level of other professions. That time has not yet come; and, despite the pontifications of *The Times*, the Select Committee has not sought, in its very modest proposals, to anticipate it. Indeed, it observes that its terms of reference have precluded it from doing more than consider the "narrower question of Members' expenditure."

In the third place, the public must satisfy itself that M.P.s are not being given under-the-counter privileges and "perks," which are denied to the rest of the community. The Select Committee has done well to reject any special taxation relief. We agree, too, with its general view that "any increase that is made in the payment to Members should be in the form of a straightforward increase in the annual sum and that it should be left to Members individually to judge how best to use that sum to meet their various expenses." It is odd, in the light of this, that both the *Evening Standard* and the *Daily Express* should suggest to their readers that the Committee had recommended privileged travel for Members' wives. The Committee confesses to having been impressed by the arguments in favour of this and other concessions; but all of them were rightly rejected. On one matter, however, we are uneasy—the proposal that the pension should be non-contributory. The Report argues weightily the practical advantages of this arrangement: but we do not accept that the administrative difficulties of contributory pensions are insuperable. Even if the particular circumstances of M.P.s' employment make it impossible for them to maintain an actuarily solvent pension scheme without Treasury assistance, we still believe it undesirable that the M.P.s should be thought to enjoy the special privilege of a non-contributory State pension. There is reason to think that the Committee has proposed a lower salary than it would otherwise have thought justified, because it recommended simultaneously a non-contributory pension. We should, ourselves, far prefer a higher salary, if that is held to be necessary, and a contributory pensions scheme.

For the rest, we applaud the care and good sense which the Committee has shown. Its recommendations, we believe, do the least which is necessary to open the service of Parliament to all those who are fitted for it. *The Times* (and others who, for less reputable reasons, are seeking to damn the scheme) would do well to remember that poverty, and the fear of poverty, are the greatest enemies of an independent judgment.

The Pool Investors' Charter

Apart from the special provisions of what the House of Commons calls the "ten-minute rule," which, in any case, seldom leads to legislation, the opportunity for private Members to introduce Bills is confined to those who succeed in an annual lottery. The draw, at the beginning of each session, is rather like a raffle at a church bazaar; and the prizes, except for the first few, are apt to be equally unrewarding. For only six Parliamentary days are allotted for the Second Readings of these Bills, and the chances of ultimate success for any M.P., except the first six in the lottery, are remote. I am, therefore, lucky to have secured, last Friday, a Second Reading for my Pools Betting Bill; lucky, partly because I drew only the fourteenth place in the lottery, and partly because I survived the misfortune, usually fatal, of being "talked out" a fortnight earlier. It now seems as if my Bill has a fair chance of reaching the Statute Book.

Why did I choose football pools as a subject? The Royal Commission on Betting, Lotteries and Gaming had reported as far back as March, 1951; but its interesting Report had still not even been debated in the House. It was obviously beyond the scope of a Private Member's Bill to cover all its recommendations, including, for instance, the registration of bookmakers and the setting-up of betting shops. But the recommendations about pool betting seemed both urgent and conveniently self-contained. Pool betting on horse and dog racing has been subject to regulation and supervision for many years. Football pools, presumably because their popularity is of recent origin, have remained accountable to nobody.

In 1933, when the previous Royal Commission on gambling reported in favour of their prohibition, the annual turnover of the football pools was about £8m. By 1936, it had risen to £18m., and at the outbreak of war was £22m. During the war, when League football was suspended, and, on account of paper and labour shortage, only one Pool remained in operation, the turnover dropped to less than £5m. Since the war, there has been a fairly steady expansion—£64m. in 1948, and, after a temporary setback to £52m. in 1950, an all-time record of £70m. in 1953. About 14 million coupons are distributed and over 10 million returned for every Saturday. Allowing for shared coupons and casual bettors, it is a fair guess that about 17 million people participate during the football season. Pools, in a word, are now big business. One out of every ten letters handled by the Post Office is to or from the pool promotors; the same is true of 60 per cent. of the postal orders issued. The eight largest firms employ about 25,000 people, mostly women, working in notably good conditions. The pool betting duty imposed in 1948 is now 30 per cent. of the total stakes, and last year it brought £20,403,503 to the Exchequer.

Is there any evidence that the pools are not efficiently and honestly conducted? Nobody knows. The pool promoters withhold the information which would enable us to judge. All one can say is that pool betting is well suited to large-scale fraud unless it is strictly supervised. In introducing my Bill, I made no charges against the pool promoters. I did suggest that, by their reluctance to disclose any information about their activities and by their opposition to the Bill itself, they were going some way towards accusing themselves. The Royal Commission seems to have taken a somewhat similar view. In Para. 298 of their Report they say:

> We have referred to the difficulties which we have experienced in obtaining detailed information about the practice of some football pool promoters, because we think that it affords a striking illustration of the need for further measures of control. It is clearly a most unhealthy feature in the conduct of this form of betting that some of its promoters find it necessary to resort to practices about which they are reluctant to submit detailed infor-

mation to a Royal Commission, even when an assurance has been given that no detailed information submitted by individual promoters would be made public.

This is strong language for a Royal Commission. The Report, indeed, produced abundant evidence to show that, within the existing self-imposed rules, there is ample opportunity for inflating dividends "to create large prizes" or to equal the prizes declared by rival firms.

My Bill is designed to implement the recommendations of the Royal Commission. It provides for the registration of each promoter with his local County Borough or County Council. The local authority would then appoint an accountant with statutory duties and powers to enforce statutory rules. This procedure follows the precedent of the 1934 legislation for greyhound pool betting, which has worked successfully. The main requirements of the Bill are that each pool promoter shall publish annual accounts in the form required of public companies; and that a weekly statement shall be issued showing the amounts deducted for expenses and commission. There is also provision, following the recommendations of the Royal Commission that each separate pool or competition (e.g., Three Draws) shall be self-contained and bear its share of expenses, commission and tax in the proportion its stakes bear to the total stakes of all the competitions on the coupon.

The Bill is not designed to reduce, or, for that matter, increase, participation in the pools. I am not opposed to the pools—I do them myself. I want to ensure that the punter gets a square deal, and I do not believe that is possible in pool betting without a full disclosure of information. Unlike the bettor at fixed odds, whose winnings are pre-determined, the pools punter who wins is entitled to what is left of the total stakes after the deduction of tax, expenses and commission. He is thus in the position of a shareholder; and it is my purpose to give him by law the same right of information which a shareholder or investor gets in other fields. It is, after all, the pool promoters who euphemistically call their clients investors and themselves trustees.

The argument put forward by Sir Alan Herbert and others, that it is wrong to legislate for pools alone, is pitifully unconvincing. Apart from the fact that dog and horse racing pools are already controlled, is there not an obvious distinction between fixed-odds betting, where the bookmaker can lose, and pool betting, where the promoter's profits are taken before the prizes are awarded? There is, I think, some substance in the argument that the pools should not be enabled to operate for cash, while all other off-course betting has to be on credit only. For this reason, I shall invite the Commons to delete in committee the clause of my Bill which, as at present drafted, would permit this. I am much less impressed by another criticism of the Bill—that it will increase the expenses of the pools and thus reduce the prizes. The large firms of promoters claimed, in 1949, that their expenses and commission were less than 20 per cent. But, despite an increase of 40 per cent. in stake money, it seems that today, allowing for the tax, less than half the stakes are returned as prizes. In a recent newspaper article, Mr. John Moores of Littlewood's Pools claimed that 1s 11d out of the average 4s stake was returned in prizes. In fact, the extra cost of publishing the necessary information would be negligible, and I have already promised to move any amendments which may seem necessary to avoid practical difficulties. The promoters could give much more practical help to the investor if, instead of trying to prevent the publication of their accounts, they concentrated on pruning their wasteful advertising and circularisation.

A final word now about the so-called ballot which the promoters are claiming to organise. It is a bit late to turn to this expedient now when Parliament has already given a Second Reading to the Bill: it might have been better in 1951 when the Royal Commission reported. But is it, in any case, really necessary to ask "investors" if they want to know what happens to their money? It is a principle of English law that any investor or shareholder is entitled to this information, whatever his fellow investors may say. In this matter, a majority cannot override the rights of a minority. I do not doubt that the votes will be correctly counted. But an essential part of any properly controlled election is supervision of the issue of ballot papers. In the present case, there appears to be no such supervision. Moreover, there is apparently to be no secrecy about the ballot. The votes, it seems, are to accompany the coupon itself, and thus be identifiable. Is it surprising that I have already received many letters urging me to press on with the Bill, but informing me that the writers do not propose to vote in the ballot? There is a widespread fear that people who vote in favour of my Bill may be blacklisted. In fairness to the promoters, I must say that I think such fears are exaggerated. For my part, I propose both to vote and to continue competing in the pools. But there is sufficient public apprehension about the consequences of a vote against the promoters that the ballot, no matter how carefully it is counted, must be a farce as well as an impertinence. The pool promoters would be well advised to turn their remarkable talents for constitutional innovation to achieving economy of operation. That, at least, is what one "investor" wants.

FRED MULLEY

London Diary

I ASKED a doctor with wide experience what he thought of the Minister's pronouncement about tobacco and cancer of the lungs. He said, of course, tobacco was not the whole story. The difference between the incidence of lung cancer in town and country and between men and women was enough to prove that. No doubt pollution of the air was a large factor, and there was probably a hereditary disposition too. It may even be that people who are disposed to lung cancer are also disposed to heavy smoking. There is some evidence for this. But when all is said and done, he said, nobody could doubt, on the figures, that there is some causal relation between tobacco and cancer of the lungs. The figures are so remarkable that, if any such relation had existed in the case of a less popular and less advertised commodity, it would have long ago been banished as too dangerous for ordinary use. "Well," I said, "you are a doctor; have *you* given up smoking?" "I thought it out very carefully," he said, "and have reduced my smoking to about three a day. This doesn't abolish the risk, but it minimises it." "And also minimises the pleasure of smoking," I suggested. "True," he said, "and I tell my students that if they haven't begun to smoke, they had much better not acquire the habit." "What about the middle-aged, already hardened in their usual habits?" "Probably most of them will think it too late to bother. They will think they have swallowed their peck of poison, and will remain unaffected by being told that, as smokers, they are many times as likely to get cancer of the lungs as non-smokers." Ruminating on this conversation afterwards, I found myself quite unable to make any guess about how much smoking would be diminished by the Minister's pronouncement.

Tobacco shares went down, of course, for the moment, but they may recover just as quickly as smoking did after Cripps had suddenly and violently pushed up the price of cigarettes, not for revenue purposes, but in order to lessen our dollar expenditure on tobacco. Will the same thing happen now? My guess is that there will be a difference. To the English, smoking is almost like drinking alcohol. There is a surviving Puritan inhibition which is not usually strong enough to overcome temptation, but which is strong enough to make people constantly say: "I have been trying to give it up for years," or, like Mark Twain, "Giving up smoking is easy; I have done it scores of times." A little joke, a little embarrassed laugh, to overcome the extra indulgence; hence the brilliance of advertisements that tell you that someone's cigarettes actually cure your sore throat or that another little drink will not do you any harm—indeed, that it is positively good for you. But supposing that the arguments are authoritatively piled up against the temptation? What if tobacco is not only dirty and useless and very expensive (as your wife and you agree), but also possibly *dangerous*—and high authority says so? Then I suspect just a few more thwarted Puritans will find the balance tipped against tobacco, and people like me, who gave up smoking some years ago, will feel even more insufferably pleased with ourselves than ever. Until we remember, of course, our good chance of having got cancer already.

* * *

I have been floating with my head in the air this week! I have been called "prudent"—and by the *Observer*, too! Someday I shall be getting a pat on the back from the *Daily Telegraph*. This must be the first time that this journal has ever been chaffed for an excess of caution. We have never accepted the motto that "dog does not eat dog," with the result that the Editor, who denounced especially the practice of "re-writes" before the Press Commission, has been relentlessly pursued by the group of papers that most specialises in re-writes from that day to this. It is a shocking business as often practised; the name of the author appears under the article, with the sense of the whole deliberately changed. To expose this practice, and other types of press misrepresentation and suppression, has been one of the specialities of this journal. Why, then, correspondents ask, did the full story of Mr. Hopkinson and the *Daily Sketch* not appear in these columns? The answer is, first, that Mr. Gunn had apologised—which few Fleet Street Editors trouble to do in such cases. He explained that he had given telephone orders for Hopkinson's name to be removed when he added a paragraph to his article. Secondly, the story, as given to me, did not include the spice that was in Randolph Churchill's account. Tom Hopkinson—so Mr. Churchill says—had been asked if he would delete the word "not" from the story, thus inviting him to change it from "not a great picture" into "a great picture"! Critic could hardly have been restrained from comment if he had heard this titbit. Instead the Editor advised Tom Hopkinson that the right method of procedure in what was a comparatively slight case (after Mr. Gunn's apology, which, I understand, he was prepared to make publicly) would be to take up the matter of principle with the Press Council, the N.U.J., or the Critics' Circle, which proved so effective in the case of Arnot Robertson. It seemed clear that, if this was done, the full case, with Mr. Gunn's reply as well as Mr. Hopkinson's charges, would become public property, and immediately leap into the realm of news. I still think this was the correct advice. Mr. Hopkinson, however,

discovered someone even less "prudent" than Critic. Mr. Randolph Churchill is running a violent campaign against certain sections of the press, especially, just now, the Rothermere group. I don't blame him for this, and I am delighted to find an ally even less prudent than myself.

* * *

Frank reporting by newspaper correspondents aboard the aircraft carrier H.M.S. *Eagle* suggests that the crew has quietly mutinied against the tyranny of gadgets. This 37,000-ton warship is not big enough for its 2,300 complement and all the instruments and equipment packed into it by modern defence requirements. Living quarters for both officers and men are squeezed for the benefit of radar equipment and mysterious, impersonal electronic "brains." Hammocks are slung anywhere the machines permit. Messing is on the cafeteria principle with the men queueing for an hour to get their tack. Even fresh water is rigorously rationed because the tankage has been curtailed to make room for more gadgets. The 250 officers have to crowd together in ward-room space which would be inadequate for 100 by proper standards. Who then should wonder that signal guns are discovered to have been spiked, because some bit of electronics has been thrown overboard? Automatic sprinklers suddenly flood the hangar and soak the jet-planes. Gremlins, in the human form of disgruntled seamen, play vengeful tricks on their inhuman lodgers with the result that the public was at first left with the impression of "Red" sabotage. Instead, we find nothing of the kind—just the crew "getting their own back" on the naval designers and boffins who have made life at sea intolerable and men the slaves of the machines. That those in authority sympathise with them presumably explains why correspondents of the *Daily Mail*, *News Chronicle* and *Daily Express* have been able to report with such refreshing forthrightness.

* * *

A friend just back from Berlin tells me that the Conference is being nicknamed by newspapermen "the Fakers' Field-day." It was thought, first, I gather, that the United Press had romped home with the gilt-edged prize when its Berlin Bureau spread across America, in flaming, front-page headlines, the wholly imaginary story of 40,000 East German police descending on the Soviet Sector of Berlin to forestall riots. Chagrined at being "outdreamed," the correspondent of the New York *Daily News* hurriedly left Berlin after "exposing" a plot to assassinate Molotov at the reception given in his honour last week by Eden, Dulles and Bidault. Security officers and psychiatrists joined in dismissing this journalistic enterprise as "wishful reporting." In the final week, however, the Oscar was won by West Berlin's Police Headquarters. To the ecstasy of the local "Boulevard" press, they announced that the East German Government was employing numerous beautiful women spies to worm secrets out of British and other Western correspondents. The newspaper men concerned are complaining bitterly that they are unable to corroborate this one.

* * *

One of the characters in Shaw's early play, *The Philanderer*, is roused to forgiveable wrath when he learns that the disease for which he has long been treated does not exist. I know several people who share this feeling when they learn, from the *British Medical Journal*, that perhaps they haven't been suffering from a "slipped disc" after all. Have the agonies they have suffered through metal corseting and operations been unnecessary additions to their pain? The layman has always been sceptical about this sudden outbreak of slipped discs. He now learns, as common sense has suggested from the outset, that the spine is a very complicated affair, and that he was right, as far as the doctor knows, in simply calling his pain lumbago (which means pain in the back). One doctor even quotes Joad, saying that "it all depends what you mean by a slipped disc." But the best comment was made by a taxi-driver, who had cured himself after suffering agonies, and who said to a fare who had been through the same miserable experience. "It seems to me that slipped discs are very like flying saucers."

* * *

Mr. Quinn, at University College, Swansea, sends me the following topical extract from *Thomas Platter's Travels in England* 1599, translated by Grace Williams (1937), p. 171.

> Thomas Platerus the younger, a German who visited England in 1599, remarked the effects of Tobacco on the English: "it makes them riotous and merry, and rather drowsy, just as if they were drunk, though the effect soon passes—and they use it so abundantly, because of the pleasure it gives, that their preachers cry out on them for their self-destruction, and I am told the inside of one man's veins after death was found to be covered in soot just like a chimney."

This should interest the Medical Research Council.

CRITIC

SAVING BUTLER'S BACON

A welcome feature in yesterday's mild improvement was a recovery in tobacco shares.—City news item, February 17.

Fatal is nicotine,
Dangerous effects are seen,
Long has it lethal been,
Experts have said it;
'Baccy, that noxious weed,
Smokers' demise must speed—
Findings by all agreed,
Addicts must credit.

Though doctors might not bar
Pipes or a mild cigar,
Cigarette smokers are
Poison inhaling,
Sweet though the whiff may be,
Aid to tranquillity,
Lone or in company
Solace unfailing.

Suicide is no joke,
Smokers untimely croak—
To smoke or not to smoke,
That is the question!
All should give up the stuff,
Warning should be enough!
Snuff out, or take to snuff!
(Painful suggestion!)

After this statement plain
Will they from fags refrain,
Chain-smokers break the chain
Habit controlling?
Or, disregarding doom,
Smokes and themselves consume,
Knowing it's they for whom
Bells will be tolling?

No! Fate the smokers dare,
Smoking away the scare,
Now the tobacco share
Rallies, though shaken!
After a transient chill,
Britons are smoking still,
Knowing they can, and will,
Save Butler's bacon.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Into this eager void came—the world's principal human being, Her Majesty the Queen.—*News Chronicle*. (William Walker.)

As company director and with his interests in aviation and motoring, Lord Brabazon works hard. Few men preside so assiduously at luncheons and dinners in London. He plays golf off seven handicap.—*Evening Standard*. (S. Zienau.)

I have in my possession a dance programme used by my husband at the Duke of Marlborough's coming-of-age ball at Blenheim on December 1, 1893. It measures 6½in. by 4in. and is covered in gold watered silk with the Marlborough coat of arms in the centre. Can this be considered "middle class"?—Letter in *The Times*. (E. D. Graham.)

A North Country woman, asked if she had a wireless licence, said: "I'm sorry I haven't. My husband is in prison and I'm expecting him home on leave at the week-end and as he usually brings a lot of money I'll be able to afford one then."—*Observer*. (M. Folley.)

Potato Farce

IN the centre of my mantelpiece there stands a small tin. It is not a particularly attractive ornament, even for the mantelpiece of a farm office; but it has a certain appropriateness as a symbol—perhaps even a *memento mori* of sorts—of the topsy-turvey world in which the farmer today has his uneasy being. The rather dirty little tin was presented to me by an official of the Potato Division of the Ministry of Food. It contains a purple powder which I shall be enjoined to sprinkle carefully over certain of my potatoes on the day that they are bought from me by the Ministry. I am thus to proclaim to all subsequent handlers of these potatoes the fact that they have become "stock feed," and are not to be sold for human consumption. The presence of the purple powder on the unoffending tubers does not mean that they are unfit for human consumption. In fact they are excellent specimens. It simply means that the British public does not want them; that I have not been able to find a merchant who would buy them from me, at the price fixed by the Government; that I have, therefore, had recourse to the Ministry, who, under certain conditions, are bound to buy them from me; and that the Ministry, having acquired them, and having no other outlet for them except for consumption by animals, at a price consonant with that lowly fate, are taking reasonable precautions that no unscrupulous person can divert them from that purpose back to their original destiny as human food, reaping an "unearned increment" in the process.

This business of "stock feed" potatoes is, of course, nothing new. It has been with us for years—a necessary concomitant of governmental exhortation, and even compulsion, to increase potato acreages, accompanied by guaranteed prices. Logically it is entirely justified. Policy budgets for a certain quantity of potatoes in the national interest. The Government guarantees the farmer a price to encourage him to grow that quantity. The farmer produces the potatoes. For any one of a variety of reasons he finds that he cannot sell them all at the guaranteed price. The Government has to buy the rest. It cannot sell them to a public which is already surfeited.

It therefore sells them back to the farmer at a half, or a third, or whatever it can get of what it has already paid him, so that he can use them to feed his animals. The taxpayer, as usual, meets the difference.

Fair enough? I am not inclined to overemphasise the fantastic incidents which the system has, from time to time, produced. One recalls the scathing things said by an ungrateful farmer about a Ministry which bought twenty tons of potatoes from him, made him dress them carefully at the pits, load them on to trailers, cart them five miles to the local station, load them on to railway trucks, sprinkle them with the magic purple powder, and then sold the whole lot back to him, at the station, so that they had to be carted back again to the very field from which they had been lifted. That story may be apochryphal—but it has an awful ring of probability about it! One remembers, too, a certain amount of eyebrow lifting among the stolid "two-and-two-make-four" school of thought some seasons ago, when, to implement a guarantee of very high early potato prices, the Ministry was buying earlies in Cornwall at round about £30 a ton, railing them up to Scotland, which must have cost a pound or two more, and selling them for "stock feed" at round about £5 a ton. My point is rather that this business of guaranteed prices has its difficulties for the recipient as well as for the donor.

Let us look at the current potato position first. The Government fixes the price the farmer is to get for his potatoes at the Annual Price Review, when it is based on his cost of production as estimated by the experts and adjusted between the Government and the farmers' representatives. If he can get no merchant to buy his potatoes at this price, the farmer is supposed to offer them to the Ministry and the Ministry must buy them. But there are certain conditions attached to the Ministry's purchase—conditions of time of offer, standard of dressing, sub-standard price, and so on—and the date on which the Ministry will take delivery of the potatoes, and pay for them, is for the Ministry to fix. In practice, this means that, if you cannot find a merchant, you make a contract with the Ministry and then wait for weeks or months for it to come to function—wondering all the time how the tubers in your pits are keeping, and how you are going to carry on without some ready cash in the meantime?

In such circumstances things are apt to happen. Consider what has been happening in Fife, this year. The public is not buying potatoes to anything like the extent it did two or three years ago. They say it is because money is tight; they say it is because, with food choice infinitely less circumscribed, folk do not have to fill up on potatoes; they say that the retail price of potatoes is far too high in relation to other foods; they say that, since the abolition of sweets rationing, the chip trade, which accounted for a big proportion of potato consumption, has slumped. Whatever they say, the facts are inescapable: the public's demand for potatoes has decreased significantly. The production of potatoes—stimulated by Government planning—has not. Too many potatoes are chasing too few buyers. The price—all the way through—is fixed by the Government. But, inevitably, under these conditions, the price breaks. The farmer must get rid of his potatoes. He cannot wait for the Ministry to buy. Perhaps he needs money at once: perhaps he is afraid to keep his pits too long: perhaps it is just panic selling. He pleads with the merchant to "get them away": the merchant explains his difficulties: something is said about "twenty five hundredweight to the ton": and, before you know where you are, the "guaranteed" price of potatoes has become a farce, and a particularly unhappy sort of "free for all" market—as distinct from a "free" market in the classic economic sense—is operating.

So much for the potato guarantee. But my little tin symbolises more to me: it throws a great question mark over the market for everything we farmers produce. For while we are still to have guaranteed prices—of a sort—we do not seem, necessarily, to be going to have guaranteed markets. And this brings us right up against the unhappy question—when is a guarantee not a guarantee? To which the answer, of course, is simply— when it does not work. There are to be guaranteed prices for our produce of all kinds, fixed, as before, at the Annual Reviews. There are to be more or less complicated systems of deficiency payments for grain. There is, eventually, to be what seems likely to be an even more complicated system for beef. But what we—inveterate grumblers and pessimists, of course—ask ourselves is: What about markets?

In Scotland we note, with trepidation, that the Government has been practically the sole buyer of oats since the harvest; that it has, quite naturally, become increasingly "choosy" about its purchases as its stocks mounted; that these stocks, stored in emergency warehouses up and down the country, are bursting to overflowing; and that it is now starting to sell these oats back to the trade at the price it paid the farmer—leaving the loss on commission, drying, storage, transport, and overheads generally, to be borne, as ever, by the taxpayer. We ask ourselves, not unnaturally, who is going to buy all the oats next year when the Fairy Godmother Government is not, compulsorily, in the market?

In wheat-growing areas we mark the appearance of imported wheat—French, for instance—at about £28 10s. the ton. It is very nice to be able to buy ten tons of this excellent hard grain to feed to your rapacious hens while cheerfully threshing ten tons of your own wheat—very little, if any, better—and selling to the miller at the Government's fixed price of £32 per ton. As we rub our hands over this businesslike transaction, the uncomfortable question is apt to creep from the back of our minds—can this go on? And as market gossip speaks of a large increase in the acreage of winter wheat sown in our part of the country the bogy of failing markets begins to raise his ugly head again.

He prowls, too, along the hedge of the potential barley field. Feed merchants offer us Australian barley, Russian barley, Iraquian barley, at prices running alongside, or below, the fixed price for the grain we grow. Imports can, of course, be controlled. Prices can be stabilised—if the demand is there. But what of the demand? The brewers and the distillers do not seem to need as much barley as they did. And, for what they do need, they do not always seem to find home-grown barleys pre-eminent. Led by the lures of greater yield and a ready market—as long as feeding stuffs were rationed—we went over, almost *en bloc*, to the Scandinavian types of barley. Now the market for feeding barley is decreasing, while the yields of barley are increasing. Government may fix a price. Government may evolve a lovely scheme of deficiency payments. But will Government—or *can* Government—guarantee a market?

In a war-time, strictly controlled economy it is a feasible proposition for the State to buy all agricultural produce surplus to the normal requirements of the market, and to direct it into such channels of ultimate consumption as experience proves best. It is a sound policy for the State, under such conditions, to fix an optimum acreage designed to meet the country's needs and to subsidise the overplus of that acreage in a year of bountiful crops, so as to make sure that the acreage is not reduced dangerously in another year when nature may not be so generous. But in a free economy—or, at least, in an economy as free as certain considerations vital to our existence as an island nation allow—how far can, or dare, the State go?

KENNETH OCHILTREE

Operation in Johore

BECAUSE of the curfew, we stayed the night in the bungalow of the estate's Indian clerk. With him we got through most of a bottle of Hennessy, sitting back in rattan chairs. The room was bare, the walls coloured khaki, and rather stained. A photograph of the Queen in sequins hung curling in the damp. A shred of cotton, the Indian flag, was tacked to the mosquito-netting at the door. The floor was gradually littered with cigarette-ends as he told us his troubles.

The restrictions were hard on the estate labour. For years, now, the curfew had been from seven at night until six the next morning, when the tappers queued up at the perimeter wire to be searched before going out to work. They were allowed to take with them nothing but unsweetened tea or coffee, and five cigarettes, to last them until one o'clock, when tapping stopped. Tappers are heavy smokers, because of mosquitoes. Times were bad, anyway. The rubber boom was over, and a whole family working in a fine month, say, twenty days, could scarcely earn a living wage.

We listened and were silent, for tomorrow's affair was secret. In a few hours he would know of more restrictions—a severely reduced rice ration, and a house-curfew from dusk until morning which might continue indefinitely. As a further precaution against leakages through the wire, there was to be, over the whole district, a house-to-house search for hoards of rice. Declared surplus stock would be "lifted," and paid for. Undeclared surplus stocks found afterwards during the search would be confiscated. This was the operation to begin at dawn.

We pushed the chairs together, and slept fitfully. The night was noisily alive; the clatter of crickets, the Indian snoring through the paper-thin wall, a wailing baby in the Tamil labour lines, monkeys shrieking crazily like children at hide-and-seek in the dark; and through it all, so persistent as to be hardly noticeable, the throbbing of the generator for the arc-lights. Some time after midnight, the walls quaked as the night-mail thundered towards us through the rubber. I pushed up the chicks. No moon; but, within the perimeter, seeping coolie lines, a "jagger" crouched over his rifle, a pi-dog with its head in a dustbin, all lit in a circle of ghastly radiance, lapped in dark.

Four o'clock. We piled into the car, three sleepy puppies like a mink-tie in the back seat. A Malay policeman gazed bemusedly at our special pass, then fumbled at the barrier, and we swung through to the rendezvous, a "new village" two miles away, where families uprooted from vulnerable spots, often from the fringe of the jungle itself, formed a community protected by wire. Such villages are exposed to contact and threats by day; by night, the rice, or whatever else is extorted (bandits have a weakness for

Benedictine), leaks out through the wire. A "re-settled" village always contains some malcontents, or members of the "hard core," or parents who know it is their own sons in need of food on the other side of the wire. But the main reason for the food-leakage is always fear.

When we arrived, transport was already lining up on the green. There were trucks for the Food Control teams; empty trucks with neat piles of sacks to "lift" the rice; "propaganda vans," conspicuous by the sinister, slightly Orwellian, oblong maws of loudspeakers; army and police escorts of scout-cars, G.M.C.s, troop transports packed with solemn National Servicemen (heaven knows at what hour they had risen); shining chauffeur-driven cars belonging to Government officers; and a single seedy one, ours. Headlamps made a lane of light. Cigarettes glowed in small clumps, men's voices were self-conscious before dawn, hushed or hearty. Civilian costume was a shade fanciful, there were deerstalker hats, tee-shirts, sneakers, even what one recalls from wartime as a "siren-suit." Bright stripes of light gleamed through the slats of the corner coffee-shop. There was no coffee, but a huge Tamil, his chest black and hairy through a snowy shirt, pounded balls of dough. His teeth gleamed through the smoke of frying, then he clapped the pancakes briskly between his hands, and they fluffed out like hot tissue paper. We chewed them in the car. They were not as good as they had smelt; they tasted of rancid oil.

The trucks had been sorted out into their convoys. It was just first light, but there was a ground mist. Across the green, pampered Chinese ducks skulked in line ahead, a furtive flotilla. We were off, then halted. Two Malays, part of the Food Control team, had overslept. New shoes squeaked as they waddled past, tripping over mackintoshes, clutching trilby hats. Troops bundled them in. A moustache bristled at my window. It was the major in charge of the escort. "Can't say I really know the way," he murmured, waving his pipe good humouredly at his sizable convoy. "Straight up the road?"

"Straight up," we said.

Only ten miles to go, but it was one of those bumpy laterite "estate" roads, first through rubber, later the evil gloom of oil palm close about us, grey blades saw-toothed against the paling sky. Suddenly we stopped. There were shouts ahead, and then we saw the telegraph wires which sprawled across the road. Some had wound round the axle of the first scout-car. We looked up. They had been cut clean through; cobwebs, like puffs of smoke, hung in the wreckage. It was oddly shocking.

A sergeant barked at the troops in the truck behind us. They leapt out, gripping their rifles awkwardly, and waded into the palm. "Not too far, mind!" He bellowed at them, a careful nanny. Waist-deep, they spread out the length of the convoy while the wires were disentangled, their faces stolid, staring out over the undergrowth. Of what were they thinking? Or did we all simply long for breakfast?

We trundled through the village gates behind time, but still a full hour before sunrise. Houses were shuttered, the pavement lined with ravaged dustbins. There were sounds of fervent tooth-cleaning and spitting up and down the main street, and I had the feeling of being stared at through the chinks in the shutters. The propaganda vans peeled off, and slowly toured the village, the disembodied voices, absurdly magnified, booming in the still air. "Stay at home . . . stay at home . . . your rice will be checked . . . stay at home . . . check . . . rice . . . rice."

The search teams started off. They were four to a team; the inspector, a Malay, equipped, in the divine manner, with scales. He rapped at a shop-door. "Towkay! Towkay!" he called. A long silence, then a rattle of keys. This was a "bad" village: consciences, undoubtedly, were quick.

A plump, unsmiling Chinese filled the doorway; behind him his wary-eyed wife, her hair neat, her cotton trousers crisply starched. They were told to produce their rice, and warned of the search. The woman clopped to the back of the shop, returned with a large canister which she set down in front of them. The inspector squatted, the grains trickling through his fingers as he assessed the quality. Laboriously he weighed it out, checked their ration cards. Huddles of children gazed at us drowsily from camp beds in the shadows.

"No more?" The couple stared sullenly. The warning was repeated.

"No more," the shopkeeper said at last, shrugging his shoulders.

"Right!" snapped the British sergeant, itching to start, impatient with this cajolery. "Now we'll get cracking."

He and his private, followed by a Malay policeman, clumped through to the back. The woman sat on a soapbox, her face impassive. The shopkeeper, looking vaguely embarrassed, thumbed through his accounts. There was a strong but quite pleasant smell in the shop. There were barrels of shiny liquorice, dried squid like loofahs, silvery heaps of dried whitebait, strings of coloured wooden clogs hanging from the ceiling, clusters of fireworks, candles, coils of rope, flat plaited baskets, dusty bottles of Horlicks tablets, every imaginable brand of toothpaste, goatskins in fat glossy bundles, tapping knives by the score.

The sergeant returned, pulling open a drawer, prodding a sack with his rifle butt. He seemed to have lost interest. "Where *do* you look for it?" I asked curiously. He glanced at me with the remote expression of the expert. "Ah-ah." Sagely he shook his head. "You never can tell. Have to watch 'em, they're crafty." The team moved on up the street.

The army, graciously, had "opened up" one coffee shop. Here we sat sipping gluey black coffee, an undissolved lump of condensed milk in the bottom of the cup. Faces drifted in and out, dirty cups piled up, as reports came in. The local police lieutenant sat down heavily. "Long time no see," he said affably. We agreed. The major appeared, with two colleagues. "Well, if it isn't . . ." the name escaped the policeman. "Last time I saw you . . .," he shuddered at the memory. "That *was* a night . . . What fearful brew was it? . . . Guinness and brandy?"

"Could be," the major replied demurely.

The policeman leaned forward. "Old Stinker's finished his section," he whispered. "Got forty katties, mostly round the perimeter." There was a hush, whilst we thought this out. "Still not to worry," he added cheerfully, spooning the condensed milk out of his cup and savouring it.

"Well, Nobby Clark"—an army captain glanced round us uncertainly. "You know Nobby, of course?" Reassured, he continued. "He saw an old chap plodding off on his bicycle towards the wire. Breaking curfew, and all that. Shouted at him, but he didn't stop so Nobby ran him into the side. Turned out he was stone deaf. Hadn't heard a thing."

"Fair enough." The policeman chortled.

We left the village just as the teams were finishing. They had run out of sacks, and out of small change. People were gathering in the street, there were no specially black looks, they seemed resigned to the caprices of Government. The telegraph wires were already being repaired as we passed. Four more "new villages," and one Malay kampong, were still on our list.

The sun was high when we turned down a lane which became a tunnel of green twilight, steamy, seething with insects. High up, the trees were clotted with fungi; streamers of fern drifted to the ground. A flame-of-the-forest had shed flowers which lay like stranded cuttlefish. We drove five painful miles over cart-ruts before we reached the wire. This was the Malay kampong. Ragged bananas, clumps of scarlet cannas, screened the thatched huts; a tethered buffalo heaved out of our path. The place was on the "suspect" list. Whole families squatted at their doorways waiting for the search teams. A Malay police corporal, picking his teeth in the shade, supervised. He had a monkey chained to a tree.

The propaganda team, which had been there since dawn, and long since exhausted all possible "talking points," were playing through my album of *Kiss Me Kate*. They had reached "Brush Up Your Shakespeare." Girls nursing babies under gauzy bodices flashed us smiles of solid gold, crumpled petals of hibiscus in their sleek hair. There was almost a festal atmosphere in the resignation to a day's tapping lost.

We met the trucks on the way out. Everyone seemed to be flagging, even the smart inspector wore a towel round his neck. The major looked thirstily into the back of our car. We comforted him. "See you later." A hedge of cloud lay ahead as we left the breathless rubber. Peacock flashes danced in the sky. We heard the rain before it came, then great drops, penny-size, spattered the windscreen, and the road-surface was brushed with steam. We must have taken every wrong turning, for we never made our rendezvous with the major. Later, however, we learned that the day had gone well. No "incidents." Nearly ten tons of rice had been lifted. Results, in terms of surrenders, were not to be expected until after the first six weeks; in the meantime, the villagers must suffer the house-curfew and the hardship of reduced rations.

On the way home, we passed a disused rubber shed, sheltered by a superb frangipani, rich in gold-and-ivory flowers. These I had often coveted. When I switched off the engine, the silence was like the end of the world; the scent of the tree was stifling. Suddenly, a car screamed to a standstill and an Indian jumped out, his eyes rolling. "Sir," he entreated, "I beg you to move on. This is a FEARFUL place." He was away like the wind. Six months earlier, he would never have stopped.

M. McMINNIES

SPAIN: Costa Brava, Sitges
If you're lazy, informal and ready to risk meeting foreigners when abroad—you'll enjoy our small mixed parties, escorted but unherded. Send your vac. dates to
SPAIN TRAVEL, 19, Woburn Sq., W.C.1. Mus. 5395

AALBORG & GOTHENBURG
FLY DIRECT from London by Eagle
TOURIST CLASS FARES—
No changing—shortest way by air to Denmark and Sweden.
ONLY EAGLE goes there direct.
EAGLE AVIATION LTD. 29, Clarges St., London, W.1 *Telephone: GRO 6411*

EUROPEAN RADIO
FRIDAYS 6d FRIDAYS 6d
PROGRAMME DETAILS OF 20 CONTINENTAL STATIONS, NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS OR 137 BLACKSTOCK ROAD, LONDON, N.4

A MESSAGE FROM SIR CHARLES MORRIS

EDITOR OF UNIVERSITIES QUARTERLY

(Vice-Chancellor of the University of Leeds)

UNIVERSITIES QUARTERLY seeks to take its place beside the learned journals in the humanities and in the sciences pure and applied in order to provide a forum for the discussion of general matters of interest to university men and women: problems of university teaching, organisation, administration, and of university policy in relation to governments and other authorities in the community.

The life of universities has at all times been of great consequence to the nation and to mankind at large. In the twentieth century our world is a world of change; and though a university is in its nature concerned primarily with timeless things, the universities of our day in fact take account of this bewildering change as they are bound to do. The advancement of the frontiers of knowledge has quick implications in practice which the statesman and other practical men can only hope to grasp and control with the aid of the pure scholars and scientists who have been responsible for the advance itself. Neither governments nor any other great human concern can in these days be disinterested in the fate, or indeed in the welfare and advancement, of universities; and this challenging situation brings obligations to the men and women who live inside the universities themselves.

In addition the special problems of modern education require a very close understanding and co-operation between universities and schools. The particular phase of education which reaches its climax in the undergraduate years undoubtedly has its beginning at the age of sixteen or seventeen when boys and girls are still at school. A knowledge of the achievements and problems of pre-university teaching is as necessary to university teachers as a knowledge of the nature of student life and work at the university is to the masters and mistresses who teach the young in their last years at school. In most countries keen discussion is going on between the schools and the universities on matters where achievement is only possible if they understand one another and act together.

The university world is one, or at least it should be so. All scholars are concerned with a great body of knowledge and with a common way of life on the strength of which they understand one another across political frontiers and across the seas. But for all that universities, however much they form one undivided world of learning and the pursuit of knowledge, actually exist at a particular time and place, that is in a particular country. Many international congresses, especially in the years since the last war, have shown how much the universities stand to gain when their representatives meet together to discuss matters of general but intimate and extremely vital concern to themselves.

On all these matters UNIVERSITIES QUARTERLY seeks to provide a forum for continuing discussion, based on but by no means confined to the universities of the United Kingdom.

Charles R. Morris

UNIVERSITIES QUARTERLY for February 1954 contains a discussion arising out of THE COMMONWEALTH UNIVERSITIES CONFERENCE of 1953. The contributors are:

Sir Hector Hetherington
Vice-Chancellor, University of Glasgow

Sir Sidney Caine
Vice-Chancellor, University of Malaya

Sir Arcot Mudlair
Vice-Chancellor, University of Madras

Norman Mackenzie
President, University of British Columbia

Harold W. Dodds
President, Princetown University

Other articles will include THE HEBREW UNIVERSITY OF JERUSALEM 1948-1953 by Professor Norman Bentwich, PHILOSOPHY IN MODERN UNIVERSITIES by Professor W. B. Gallie, STUDENT SELECTION by W. R. C. Chapman (Headmaster, Firth Park G. S., Sheffield), THE UNIVERSITIES OF INDIA by Alfred S. Schenkman and reviews by Professors Bonamy Dobrée and Roger Wilson and The Very Rev. H. A. Jones.

Special Offer To New Subscribers

If you are not already buying UNIVERSITIES QUARTERLY complete the form below and send it together with £1 or $3.50 to the Publisher. We shall send you a free copy of the issue for February 1954 and start your subscription from the next number.

Note: UNIVERSITIES QUARTERLY *is published four times a year: in February, May, August, and November, at the price of 5s. per copy. The normal annual subscription of £1 covers four issues post free: single copies can be obtained from the Publisher for 5s. 2d. each, post paid.*

To the Publisher
UNIVERSITIES QUARTERLY
Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

Please send me without charge a copy of UNIVERSITIES QUARTERLY for February 1954 and enter my subscription for one year (4 issues). I enclose £1 ($3.50).

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Afternoon on Tour

"Jazus, will the rain never cease?" Jemser, the stage carpenter, came away from the lace-curtained window. His mate Leo was staring into a newspaper, more to hide from his eyes the dreariness of the digs than to read. Suddenly, they both looked aggressively at me. I was writing a letter, and it wasn't fair of me, for they wanted sympathy.

"Do you know, Dan, what I saw today?" said Jemser.

I waited, expecting the usual descriptions of the sexual possibilities of the town. Jemser, who was over sixty, and still active (so he said), saw me smiling.

"No," he said, "nothing like that. Would you believe it. In the public convenience here, the Corporation have pomes, framed on the walls."

"Framed? What kind of poems?"

"Ah now, don't act the eejot. Religious of course. Isn't this the holiest town in Ireland?"

"But how do you mean, religious poems?"

"Ah, pomes, asking the Blessed Virgin to save our poor country from destruction—

'. . . to make writers write good books for all,
Oh Virgin Mary, please do hinder, all bad
writing on the wall.'

That's how one of them went." He looked at me steadily, then said: "I don't think it's right."

"No," said Leo, and folded his paper.

For a long time, the two of them talked of the town, and how all the prostitutes in Dublin came from it. Between them, they mentioned dozens of ladies' names, and as each thought up an old acquaintance, the other would say, "Ah yes, *she* comes from here." Finally, they concluded that this was the Port Said of Ireland, but it was sad to think that there were four more days to pay-day.

Restlessly they moved around the room. I sat writing at the table; and whenever I stopped and looked up, there was either Jemser or Leo in front of me.

Suddenly Leo said: "Religion's terrible strange, isn't it?"

I nodded my head, so he sat down and looked at me, his big blue beery eyes unblinking, as he said: "There was an ould wan who owned a pub in Dublin, had a true relic of the Cross." He sensed that I was about to smile and went on: "A real true relic it was, one of the nails used at the Crucifixion. It was about that length . . ." and he measured about six inches between his two hands. "Of course mind you, it was very rusty and old, but all the same, she thought the world of it." He leaned his elbows comfortably on the table and said: "Now her husband was a desperate man for the drink. Desperate." And his eyes looked very sad because they were watery. "Whenever he went on the batter, and was carried up to bed helpless, what would the ould wan do, but put the nail under him in the bed."

"What for?" I asked.

"Jazus, man, for protection of course. She was afraid he'd die under the influence, I think, or maybe it was for to cure him."

"Well, did it?"

"Divil a bit. The minute God gave him back his senses, he'd feel the nail under him; then whiz-bang, and out through the window with it, into the street. And when the ould wan knew that, out with her into the street, searchin' for her relic. The kids who found it got a bob from her. I don't mind telling you, them kids made a good thing out of that nail."

"That ould wan," said Jemser, "handled many a fine relic in her day," and he began to laugh, a vulgar laugh that made him cough, and covered his lips with lecherous saliva.

"And where is it now?" I asked Leo.

"Christ knows," he answered. He began moving around the room again, and stopped at the window. "There's convent over there," he said; and Jemser walked over to the window to look.

"They do have fine lumps of skivvies in them places." In silence, they looked towards the grey walled building. "Un Natural! That's what it is." There was a depth of tragedy in Jemser's voice.

A few minutes later, the dog of the house came into the room. He was very big, and threw himself down in front of the fire, leaving no room for anyone else.

"That dog," said Leo, "is going to die, any minute."

I looked at the comfortable dog, and then at Leo.

"Why is a dog the most shortest lived animal known to man?"

I knew otherwise, but asked "Why?"

"It wears its heart out. A dog never relaxes," and he walked around the table, and over to the window again to look at the convent's blank walls. "A dog's always thinkin' of the one thing," he said, and sighed. Then he came back to the table. "That dog's at least eight years of age, and it's ready to drop down dead any minute now."

"A man's best friend is his dog" said Jemser, and tried to sit down in a chair by the fire. After kicking the dog out of the way, he took out his pipe and said, "I love dogs, faithful ould brutes they are."

All was quiet, until the landlady came in with a bucket.

"How old's the dog?" I asked.

"Just over a year," she said, and deadened the fire with a load of wet slack. She smiled at us all and went.

Jemser looked at the fire, and began again about the immorality and wickedness of the town we were in. I listened until I noticed something passing by in the street. "Look," I shouted, "a naked woman walking down the street."

"What? Where? How?" Jemser rushed over to the window, trying to take out his glasses as he went, for his eyes weren't as young as the rest of him.

"Only a bloody big pig," said Leo, who'd got to the window first. Jemser laughed, looked at me, and sadly put his glasses back in their case.

At three o'clock we all decided to go to the cinema. The film was about the *Titanic*. Jemser said that he was Guard of Honour at the launching in Belfast. The men who made the ship cursed the Pope with each rivet they put in. Then, they both remembered an old gramophone record I had, called "Be British." It was a sad song about the sinking of the *Titanic*, and they began to sing me the chorus. It went—

Be British, was the cry,
As the ship went down,
Every man was standing at his post.
Captain and crew,
When they knew,
The worst,
Saving the women and children first.
Be British is the cry to everyone. . . .

As Irishmen, we all knew the truth about British behaviour on the *Titanic*, and I quoted more of the song:

Then rose a scene of courage,
Of duty to be done,
And men behaved as men should do,
All heroes. Every one.
Millionaire and poor man's son,
When she was sinking fast,
Worked like Britons, side by side,
All faithful to the last.

There was more, but we'd had enough of it, and set off in happy mood to see the tragic film.

Passing the Bacon Factory, we heard the screams of dying pigs. Outside it, three cartloads of well-fattened pigs were waiting for their turn to go and be turned into bacon. Jemser began again about the town and its people: "Bloody savages and butchers, that's all they are. . . ."

The film was a disappointment. We didn't believe it. Our Truth was quite different from the British form of Truth. "Bloody nonsense," said Jemser, and told us the Real Truth about what happened on the *Titanic*. But, somehow, the real disappointment of the film was that it only emphasised our own feelings of being drowned in the wet provincial afternoon.

At teatime, the other lodgers told us "Ye have a grand time travellin' around and seein' life."

Jemser looked at each of them. "Life, me arse," he said, "what's Ireland but a bloody glorified Injan village? Now I've travelled the world. I was in Inja, Malta, Giberalter, and Marsallaise. I kept me eyes open. I looked at everythin'. I even looked at the buildings, and saw the archytexture in them. Now did any of yous ever see the Blue Cinema in Marsallaise?" None of us had, but we saw it from Jemser's happy memories.

In the theatre that night there was a disappointment for most of us. We had believed that the tour was ending at the week-end; but alas, a notice said that the tour was to be extended for another week to include the town of "X". "That kip!" said Jemser, and Leo's remarks were unprintable. Then, slowly they both remembered something, looked at each other and smiled. "We've digs there," said Jemser.

"Sure," answered Leo, and rubbed his hands together, "good digs, and the landlady's a great sport. It's surprising how many meanings a word can have. The two of them were happy.

DONAL O'CONAILL

"VERDI'S"
La Traviata
with a brilliant cast
including:
VIOLETTA - - - LICIA ALBANESE
ALFREDO - - - JAN PEERCE
GIORGIO - - - ROBERT MERRILL
FLORA - - - - MAXINE STELLMAN
ANNINA - - - JOHANNE MORELAND
and Toscanini conducting
THE N.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
AND CHORUS
ALP 1072-73
Available mid-Feb.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
Long Play 33⅓ R.P.M. RECORDS
THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD. (RECORD DIVISION)
8-11 GREAT CASTLE ST · LONDON W.1

Commonwealth of minds

The globe tells only part of the story of the British Commonwealth. It shows areas, vast and varied. There is no scale to indicate brain potential within these areas, no legend to show the abundance of technical and inventive genius encompassed by them. Some of this latent mind power is being tapped by THE BRUSH GROUP, whose chief concern is the export of the means whereby the earth may become more fruitful.

It is with the object of encouraging the brains within the Commonwealth that THE BRUSH GROUP instituted early in 1950 its Commonwealth Scholarship Scheme. This scheme has been planned to provide scholarships for engineering graduates from Australia, Canada, Ceylon, India, Pakistan, New Zealand, Northern and Southern Rhodesia, Singapore and South Africa. Each scholarship is worth about £1,000 and the student receives two years' free training in the factories of THE BRUSH GROUP. Within the Group itself more than 1,000 employees are receiving some form of training. In these ways THE BRUSH GROUP adds not merely to its own technical brain power but also to the accumulated technical knowledge of the Commonwealth as a whole.

THE BRUSH GROUP

Manufacturers of diesel engines and electrical equipment for agricultural, traction, industrial and marine purposes.

The Brush Electrical Engineering Co. Ltd. • Hopkinson Electric Co. Ltd. • J. and H. McLaren Ltd.
Petters Ltd. • The National Gas and Oil Engine Co. Ltd. • Mirrlees, Bickerton and Day Ltd.

DUKE'S COURT · DUKE STREET · ST. JAMES'S · LONDON · SW1 · AND THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

G.718

Lost Horizons, Brief Encounters

In the two decades in which Stephen Spender has been a passenger in the cultural Blue Train, he has become an experienced fellow-traveller. He has always chosen the right moment to move to another compartment and new companions. He has been an orderly and undemonstrative passenger, too. In the journey which he himself described in *World Within World*, published two years ago, he admits that much of his experience has been vicarious. Through most of his forty-five years he has been the witness, never the doer. He has spent his life writing his biography in various forms, because things happen to him, never because of him. He has relied, at each critical moment, upon someone else, a person on whom he has become desperately though temporarily dependent.

Spender is disarmingly frank about each of these brief encounters. One or other of them (the pseudonyms used below are those he uses) has provided the stimulus for each of his seventeen books of verse, criticism and journalism. Each time the loved one has fascinated Spender because he or she has embodied much of the phase of life that he has been about to reject. He wishes his father dead, so that he may demonstrate his grief by the open grave. He can free himself of his family only by confessing his hope of freedom to his grandmother, though he suspects she continually betrays him to his uncle. Marston, at Oxford, whom he bored with his late adolescent affection, really belonged to the room-breaking rowing hearties, whose self-confidence Spender envied and hated. Auden, the recluse, made him into a popular poet in the same way that a prefect makes his fag a footballer. The spiritually hollow bronzed bodies of the New Life are personified, in Hamburg, by Joachim; the shabby stucco of the *Weimardaemmerung* is Isherwood in Berlin. In post-Dollfuss Austria, Vienna is a tragedy of political ambivalence; for Spender it is a choice between Elizabeth and Jimmy. Spain, which Jimmy's desertion from the International Brigade transformed from an heroic into a pathetically distasteful cause, was best expressed in Kerrigan, the Communist Commissar, the Father of the Family, whose insistence on moral absolutes both fascinated Spender and terrified him.

The terror sprung from a fear of commitment. In each relationship, Spender had been the passive element. When, as it always did, the moment came that the stronger partner threatened to dominate and detain him, a change of compartments became imperative. He acted when action was forced upon him; when decision demanded less than indecision. For Spender, the aim has always been to avoid commitment. He cannot state his destination, for the idea that there is an end to any journey is the greatest of all human delusions. To remain in one place is to succumb to the illusion.

Is it a sense of guilt that keeps him moving on? Is the passenger, discovering the faults of his fellow-travellers, in fact listening to the echo of his own faults? Do others seem inadequate, because he feels inadequate? Can his social guilt be expiated by making a career of his own humiliation?

It is the search for such personal salvation that has driven Spender up and down the corridor looking in every compartment for someone who could tell him the facts of life. For a moment in the Thirties it seemed that he had found them. Spender is a contemporary Puritan, and in the Popular Front he found the Puritan Revolt of the bourgeois intellectuals. The boy who, he later wrote in his autobiography, "thirsted for great injustices" could expiate his sense of guilt in the struggle for Social Justice. The adolescent from the Liberal home had "often regretted that there were no great causes left to fight for"; now, as Good and Evil struggled for possession of the Soul of Europe, the adult, moving forward from Liberalism, could enrol in the Cause of Liberty. For Spender, like many of his contemporaries, reaching manhood in the years of Depression and Fascism, this meant enlisting with temporary acting rank in the army of Communism. In the Communist Party they found the ready-made morality that clothed their naked Puritan consciences: Spender declared that "by being anti-Fascist, I created a rightness for myself beside which personal guilt seemed unimportant." Nothing could have a greater moral appeal to an intellectual with leisure and money than a doctrine that taught that salvation could be found in work; that mass-meetings, *agit-prop* and fund-raising were all signs of grace; and that sent the elect to walk bravely into death in the Jarama Valley, the Party manifesto in one hand and the obsolete rifle in the other.

Why, then, should Spender reject Communism as a means to the salvation he sought? The God failed because it demanded a moral commitment that was not only absolute, but was also external. Communists, like Puritans, knew the difference between Right and Wrong. Both types of sectarian possessed the truth that saved and saw their opponents damned in error. Their actions became Good by definition; all that stood between them and triumph was Evil. Though he became a member of the C.P., Spender stopped short of the ultimate conversion to Communism. The moment that the fellow-traveller joined the Party was the first moment at which he began to break with it.

Communism had appealed to Spender because he believed that the individual could and should matter; that his task was no longer to interpret history but to change it. When Spender and many of his contemporaries discovered that, as a condition of salvation, the Communist Party demanded the total surrender of its converts to its own special standards of truth and falsehood, they felt that they had been recruited on false pretences. Betrayed, they turned to hate what they once had loved. They could find no salvation in a movement which did not leave it to them finally to decide between Good and Evil; if temptation no longer existed, one could not find grace by resisting it.

Some of Spender's fellow-travellers from this period did not understand why the God had failed: they continued to look for a spiritual home in which guilt could be expiated by accepting a reach-me-down morality, and so, making the same mistake twice, they joined the Catholic Church. Others, including Spender, reacted differently. In the Forties they realised that every organisation demands commitments; every institution has its moral code; every God is bound to fail. Personal salvation can be found only in resisting the temptation to be saved by others. Guilt cannot be shared; the spiritual search can succeed only in isolation; the kindness, shyness and generosity which Spender displays are the defences behind which loneliness can be protected.

If Spender has become better known as a publicist than a poet, that is hard on his poetry. Never able to immerse himself in the public frustration of politics, he has skirmished on its outskirts, and allowed himself to become a symbol of ideas which have been more profoundly expressed by others. Thus he has managed to escape burial in the ruins of a Movement by leaving just before the catastrophe. The fascination of watching these escapes may blur our appreciation of his vein of talent.

In the most-remembered couplet of his best poem, Spender wrote of those who "wore at their hearts the fire's centre":

> "Born of the sun, they travelled a short while towards the sun,
> And left the vivid air signed with their honour."

It would have been a fitting epitaph for the young author of *Poems*. It seems inappropriate for the Shelley who has survived to middle age.

The Arts and Entertainment

VICTORIANA

By a curious coincidence last week the London Theatre devoted itself exclusively to the Lighter side of the Late Victorians, and "Jolly Boating Weather" was the lilting theme song from Seven Dials to St. Martin's Lane. Alice, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Lord Fancourt Babberley and the Rev. Robert Spalding—all household names to those whose childhood started before the Great War—took the stage in a variety of guises or disguises. The Rev. Robert Spalding, meek hero of the Bath Bun and the Acidulated Drop, was the first to make his bow in the Arts Theatre revival of *The Private Secretary*. This farce gets away to a very slow start; the machinery of the plot needs a lot of winding, and the wheels are decidedly rusty—most of them indeed will never run smoothly again. But when the momentum has had time to work itself up, there are some lively frolics as the timid curate is popped in and out of chests and under tables and behind curtains. The great merits of the production (Hugh Miller) are the speed, once we get going, and the admirable seriousness of the acting, notably so with Mr. Harold Godwin in the name part. The curious disparities between what the text describes and what we see are many of them due to casting, no doubt. But Mr. Lloyd Pearson's excellent suburban businessman makes rather nonsense of the hunting thread which is kept in; and I was horrified to see a bottle of gin on the sideboard—surely improbable in 1900? The little bullied figure at the centre of the print remains sharp in outline, but the edges, as in an old photograph, have yellowed badly.

Miss Felicity Douglas's version of *Alice Through the Looking Glass* was designed originally for the tiny restored theatre at Henley-on-Thames; it has since been stretched and stretched—indeed beyond the point it will bear by the time it tries to fill the Princes' Theatre. Could it, anyhow, ever have come off, this least stageable of books? Here it is given every chance. It is prettily dressed and wittily set to music. Miss Margaret Rutherford is wonderfully scatter-brained as the White Queen, Miss Binnie Hale perfectly manic-depressive as the Red, and Mr. Michael Denison brings out a splendid resemblance between Mr. Noel Coward and Humpty Dumpty and between the late Mr. Balfour and the White Knight. Mr. John Cranko provides a framework of effective and characteristic dances, and Miss Douglas has retained every possible scrap of original dialogue and has filled in with a maximum of tact. All, in fact, that taste and discretion could do has been done to provide a jolly Christmas party. Only now we are in February and the Princes' is large and draughty, and for all the good intentions of so many charming talents the show looks distinctly dog-eared and "off," like the mantelshelf of Christmas cards after Twelfth Night.

And is *Charley's Aunt* (at the New), we cannot help asking by the same token, anything more than a Christmas-time Romp? The full resources of Tennents are deployed to prove that it is, and every ounce of taste and discretion called in to assert its merits. And certainly this is the safest ground. The old farce has the great merit of simplicity in design. Two thrusts of the pedals and we are bowling off on a free-wheel run, downhill almost all the way. Given a splendid Aunt for Charley, as we are here, and half the battle is won. Mr. John Mills is unflagging in spirits and unfailing in comic resource; there is never any danger of a wobble while he is on stage. But there is—as in all these old farces—the other half of the battle, and that is harder to fight. Against the dimness of the action and the absence of words, Sir John Gielgud, C.-in-C., throws in wave after wave of style and almost carries the day with it. There is Motley providing a charming decor not at all overdone. Mr. Simon Lack leads the young people with a display of real polish: Mr. William Mervyn rounds off each period with perfect grace. But Mr. Philip Stainton (except for his running) can't somehow be quite fitted into the picture, and as for poor Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, there simply isn't a part for her, not the vestige of one. The free wheel does after all come almost to a wobbly stop. Only Mr. Mills, pedalling furiously, is able to pick up a safe pace again. The Christmas indulgence is, we must regretfully decide, what *Charley's Aunt* now requires.

Finally, at the Savoy is *Angels in Love*. This is Victoriana for the Light Programme, sans style, sans wit, sans taste. It assumes that earlier manners were ludicrous and proves its own deplorable. It plays on the most ignorant notions of period behaviour and addresses its jokes to mental teen-agers. The fault is perhaps as much with the producer as with the author. The play has a charming Walpolian Gothick set and an apt sketch of the Earl of Dorincourt by Mr. Kynaston Reeves. All other references to *Little Lord Fauntleroy* are abjectly common.

T. C. Worsley

HAVERGAL BRIAN

Not only the music but even the name of Havergal Brian must have been virtually unknown to most of those who heard his Eighth Symphony recently on the Third Programme, where it received two performances on consecutive days under Sir Adrian Boult. For some forty years this 78-year-old Staffordshire composer, who had begun to make his way in the musical world before the First War, has fallen into total neglect. Yet his music has been highly praised by many good judges, among them Elgar, Wood, Tovey and Eugene Goossens; and his satirical opera, *The Tigers*, had apparently been accepted for production at Dresden under Fritz Busch just about the time when the latter clashed with the Nazis and turned his back on Germany.

This fact, like most of our knowledge about Brian, comes from Mr. Reginald Nettel's *Ordeal by Music*, which appeared in 1945. It is a superficial book, which gives us little idea of the composer's personality either as man or as musician; but it can hardly fail to arouse our sympathy and our curiosity. Until the other day, not one of Brian's nine symphonies had been performed in full; yet he has persisted undeterred on his lonely path, and the last three of his symphonies are of too recent a date to have been mentioned by Mr. Nettel. Without having heard any of Brian's music, it was all too easy to speculate on the causes of his neglect. His indifference to demand or practicability is sublime. Just when the taste for the colossal was on the decline he must needs out-Mahler Mahler with a Symphony (No. 2, "The Gothic"), in which he makes almost incredible demands: the muster of choral and orchestral forces, ending with "gong, thunder machine, tubular bells, chimes, chains and bird-scare," suggests megalomania, and in his next symphony Brian demanded 16 horns and four pianofortes. It was as though he had lost interest in actual performance and was writing for purely imaginary forces, with which he might well be as extravagant as he liked. Yet Goossens, who called the Gothic Symphony "in all sincerity an outstanding masterpiece," very nearly succeeded in having it performed at Cincinnati; and, still more remarkable, the work found a German publisher. The post-1945 symphonies have been more modestly scored.

The Eighth Symphony, when heard, proved utterly unlike anything that could have been anticipated. It was evident within a few bars that the composer had moved with the times. This symphony is modern music; if given at an I.S.C.M. festival, it would arouse controversy, but it would not be laughed out of court as the maunderings of a provincial admirer of Richard Strauss. It is neither lush nor bombastic nor conventionally romantic; on the contrary, it is individual, astringent, and even terse—it plays without a break for less than 25 minutes. Both its construction and its scoring are somewhat eccentric, but the eccentricity is not of a kind to repel modern taste. There may be some momentary miscalculations in the orchestral sound (what Sibelius called "an absence of sustaining pedal"), but the texture is for the most part original, imaginative and varied. The tonal basis of the work is firm and clear: B flat minor, with the major third playing an important role at the very beginning and the very end; the principal themes are interesting and easily recognisable. What makes the symphony difficult to follow is the composer's constant habit of breaking off in a kind of nervous exasperation. This seemed less a mark of indecision or incompetence than a necessary part of the whole strange conception. A second hearing revealed links previously unobserved; but those sudden aposiopeses (to use the literary term) still remained puzzling. We were told that the symphony had some sort of poetic basis in Goethe's ballad *Die Braut von Corinth*, and a clue to the alternation (and occasional combination) of tender and sinister-ghostly elements in the music may perhaps be looked for here. But the connection, as the composer has informed us, is one of mood only: the work is no symphonic poem, but a symphony. And, for all its disconcerting features, it did sound like a symphony, an affair of some architectural scale and consequence, of statement and tension and release. On each occasion I was so impressed by the sense of emotional fulfilment in the brief, slow coda as to conclude that familiarity would reveal the remaining secrets in this curious, laconic composition. The two broadcasts have not killed my curiosity about Havergal Brian; they have only increased it.

Desmond Shawe-Taylor

REBEYROLLE AND STANLEY SPENCER

There are occasions when the falseness and disadvantages of the present one-man-show, international-market, commercial-dealer set-up become very obvious. The Rebeyrolle exhibition at the Marlborough Galleries is such an occasion. The maturing of a painter is a slow process and not necessarily a steady one. The quick turn-over, the endless hunt for new "stars," the business of gambling on "outsider" talents—all inevitably tend to deny this fact. Rebeyrolle, as discussed in these columns before, is a young French realist painter of very considerable talent. But only two of the 35 canvases now on show (and some drawings not even hung) really begin to do justice to his talent. A few of these new works should have been selected and exhibited together with some of his earlier work; or, alternatively, exhibited later with work he will produce in the future. Yet this would obviously have been commercially inexpedient.

The two impressive paintings are both small: No. 13, *Portrait of a Young Woman*, and No. 20, a landscape. Both have the intensity of his earlier picture of a mongrel dog. The subjective reason for this is that in each case Rebeyrolle has really imaginatively identified himself with his subject. The objective evidence is in their drawing. The planes of the girl's head *strive* as they turn their corners. In painting "turning the other cheek" is a matter of stubborn observation, but to do it with true *inner* conviction is almost as difficult as fulfilling the biblical meaning of the term. It is not sufficient for a portrait to have character—a caricature may have that. The character must press against the forms, inhabit them—just as when one looks into a mirror one feels one's own temperament protruding with one's nose, pressing against one's cheek bones, yielding in one's eye sockets. This portrait begins to have character in that way. The landscape is true because the lie of the land has been really established and then the dirty weather and the light have come down upon it, blunting only its appearance. A tree is as hard as ever even when you bump into it in a mist. This picture holds its light as a bath holds its water.

The other landscapes, portraits and potting-shed still-lives are large and empty. It was probably necessary for Rebeyrolle to broaden his style—in some of his earlier work one felt that he was almost too much on top of his subjects. In his new drawings one can see him standing farther back, simplifying legitimately—roughly in the manner of Degas. But in his paintings this new breadth has only led as yet to a slackening of tension and a diffusion of interest. Areas of white light in the sky simply become bold splodges: the wing feathers of a goose mere energetic brush marks. There are, of course, good passages in almost all the pictures; in most of the heads, for instance, the underside of the nose and the lips are well painted. But as a whole they lack power—like bellows in which the leather is too loose.

At Tooth's there are two paintings in a new series by Stanley Spencer. The second one of some girls—barmaids and typists—picnicking on the river bank at Cookham and listening to Christ who has come down for the day to preach (but who is not in the picture) is superb. Spencer, well known, respected, but always for some reason dismissed or passed over, remains, I am convinced, the only living British painter whose genius is certain. Notice in this picture the extraordinary originality of the pose of the girl on a stool on the left, lost in dreams of her own flesh; the way that although every clover, flower and blade of grass is painted separately, the strong rhythm of the composition is not in the least impaired: the fact that its eccentricity, its cock-eyed perspective, the turnip distortions of the foreground woman, the mad hair styles, the improbable boots, somehow never break the spell by becoming ludicrous; finally one becomes as unaware of their oddness as Spencer himself.

JOHN BERGER

LOOK AND LISTEN

THE Royal tour of Australia: the Queen is on her way to Canberra. Miss Audrey Russell interviews a week-end gold-digger working at his claim at Bathurst, interviews a mayor, interviews the warden of a camp for "New Australians" at Wagga Wagga. Mr. Wynford Vaughan-Thomas receives instruction in the art of throwing the boomerang at Wagga Wagga. The Queen is in Canberra: she replies to the official welcome: the school children of Canberra sing "Elizabeth of England." Such are typical contents of the twenty-minute programme *The Commonwealth Tour* broadcast in the Home Service every Sunday afternoon. On Wednesday evenings a similar programme appears in the Light, but now called *Half the World Away*. The contents are predictable: Miss Russell will interview more mayors, Mr. Vaughan-Thomas will see a kookaburra bird, the Queen replies to another loyal address. Add to these weekly programmes the formal reports of the royal progress in each of the seven daily news bulletins and the inevitable films in Television Newsreels, and it seems, compared with the press and cinema, that the B.B.C. is handling royalty at any rate with dignity. Certainly there is no attempt to exploit sycophancy or curiosity; the former servants of princesses and dukes do not slop their reminiscences over in *Woman's Hour;* and such talks series as *Royal Homes*, which appears to be confined to West Region, are rare on the air.

The B.B.C. does not have to exploit royalty because it has, in a sense, done the job already. Indeed, it is exactly here that its greatest achievement lies; herein is its most important contribution to contemporary orthodoxy. When all other factors have been allowed for, it is the B.B.C. conspicuously that has created the specifically modern attitude to the monarchy in England, that attitude of respectful adulation which turns the sovereign into a sort of domesticated film-star and which renders criticism of royalty unthinkable because Not Done. Imagine, if you can, a present-day equivalent to Sir Max Beerbohm's cartoons of Edward VII. It is, in fact, all but impossible; but if it weren't, oh the caddishness of it!

Our automatic responses to royalty have been set up almost entirely by the B.B.C., and that they have been organised quite deliberately there can be very little doubt. Here, as in so much where the B.B.C. is concerned, Lord Reith's autobiography *Into the Wind* is invaluable. Lord Reith recounts how, in 1928, he "made some remarks to the King about broadcasting which had apparently impressed, or perhaps just surprised him," and he goes on to report, in his own sawn-off Carlylese, Lord Stamfordham's reactions to them:

> The implications of broadcasting were initially somewhat disconcerting to him. He studied them; discussed them on Sunday afternoons with his most intimate friend at Lambeth Palace; laid them before his royal master. He realised what was here at hand to hold King and peoples in closer, stronger bonds.

By Christmas, 1932, the method of forging the bonds had been more or less perfected: the Empire link-up on Christmas afternoon culminating in the King's speech. It was a brilliant invention: it associated British kingship indissolubly with Christmas and all it stands for; it brought the monarch into millions of homes, into millions of "front rooms" used only on ceremonial and festive occasions and in this instance after the fullness of the Christmas dinner and in the solemnity engendered by it; and, at the family season, it presented the King as a family man. It was in its way a process of democratisation of royalty, or at least a democratisation of the projection of royalty.

And so it has gone on since 1932, probably the most successful achievement in public relations there has ever been. It has gone on from strength to strength, aided over and above the Christmas broadcasts by special broadcasts, of a royal jubilee, of royal funerals, of two coronations. To the communicating of these television has been added, with all its spell-binding intimacy. The monarch as a symbol has been brought home—literally—to us all, and the end of orthodoxy, which is that people shall think and feel alike, has been attained.

Yet the fact remains—and here we come face to face with the whole terrifying power of radio and television—the symbol can be manipulated. The symbol is not of our making, and radio sets are not called *receivers* for nothing. The listener, or the viewer, is only a receiver; what matters is what he is allowed to receive and who decide it. They decide the symbol, and neither listeners nor the person in whom the symbol is temporarily enshrined have control over them. The obvious instance here is the fate of the Duke of Windsor who, in his struggle with Mr. Baldwin and the Archbishop of Canterbury, was allowed to broadcast only after he had abdicated. He had offended against orthodoxy, and as a symbol, he was as easy to break as to make: it was purely and simply a matter of denying him access to the microphone. We know who denied him access, and thereby we know also in whom power where British broadcasting is concerned ultimately rests.

Rather more than twenty-five years ago, Mr. T. S. Eliot announced that he was classicist, Catholic and royalist. How comic it sounded, how alien to the English tradition! But events have proved that the laugh was on us, not on Mr. Eliot; for here we are, not necessarily classicist, but Christian if not Catholic, and Royalists to a man. And all by virtue of the gentle conditioning of the B.B.C.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Wages of Fear," at the Academy
"Cease Fire," at the Plaza

How far in a film can a particular danger be stretched without our being able to detach ourselves? Two hours would seem a wildly extravagant claim; but visit Clouzot's *The Wages of Fear* at the Academy—newly redecorated for the occasion—and you will find it made good.

For two hours a couple of lorries carrying nitro-glycerine travel along a Uruguayan road, and you can imagine what sort of road that is; even bad vibration will be enough to send the stuff off; sometimes the lorries creep in the dark past marshes and invading bamboos; then, a bumpy stretch when either this crawl must be further slowed (but there's no time), or they must charge at 40 m.p.h., never slackening; roaring to the end of this stretch, and unable to stop, the hind lorry almost bumps the front, which has begun another crawl; mountains rise, with frightful hairpin bends that can be rounded only by backing on a rickety wood platform over a gulf . . . a great rock blocks the way, and to blow it up a can of the nitro-glycerine must be brought dreadfully into play . . . a rising pool of oil must be negotiated. . . . And so at last, with one lorry intact and one man alive out of four, we reach the end of this journey, which undoubtedly ranks as a screen Olympic record.

The thrill has come off; not without contrivance—at moments clicking into place like Harold Lloyd's stages of embarrassment as he clung to a high clock—and not without powerful interlock of character. One of the four drivers—the ugly, cool customer—crumples in panic, and between him and his mate the battle of wills touches humanity as well as nitro-glycerine. This situation has been prepared for, in a quite brilliant sketch of sub-tropical Godforsakenness, which—as we look back on it, as on some *Tobacco Road* of South America—seems another film. There are, in fact, three films here: the realistic comedy of manners at the station, the clash between a feckless locality and the American oil outpost, and the snatched-at lorry drive for a big reward. It can't be pretended that *The Wages of Fear* knits all three into one. The super-thrill dwarfs everything, and romps home as a *tour-de-force* on its own. Clouzot can't resist, in what to him is a joyful conclusion, from bumping off his one survivor, who departs in an almost lyrical way. This is Grand Guignol brought out into the open and not only surviving daylight but riding it in triumph. Clouzot's direction dazzles, and he has drawn excellent performances from his actors, led by Charles Vanel.

Cease Fire is a 3-D film taken in Korea but thought up, one can't help feeling, some thousands of miles away. It follows the action of a patrol on the last day of war, with some irony and more sentiment. All points of view are satisfied: that war is a bloody thing; that this one had to be fought; that it wasn't much of a war and went on too long; that the American forces were efficient at the top as they were tough at the bottom; that it was hard on the civilian life there; that the marching song will go on if the marcher doesn't. Everything is squared, even the disillusioned old correspondent who started in on peace at Versailles. In fact, it's too much of a sop altogether, though, as such, not at all bad and briskly carried through with the 3-D beginning to be taken for granted.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

besuchen Sie
visitez
visiten
visitate
посещайте

The Linguists' Club

Conversation and tuition.
Continental Snack Bar, Roof Garden.
Concerts, Debates, Dances.

20 GROSVENOR PLACE LONDON SW1 • SLOane 9595

Correspondence

THE ATOMIC DILEMMA

SIR,—To the student of purely military affairs Professor Blackett's analysis of American thinking on atomic weapon development contained one or two surprising omissions. A few hundred Soviet atom bombs might be adequate to inflict serious damage on the U.S. if the U.S.S.R. had a really long-ranged bomber force to deliver them to any vital target area in North America. So far, the Soviet Union has failed to produce a bomber equivalent to the American B36 or the jet B52—in other words, a bomber which could make full use of the atom bomb on, say, Chicago, Detroit, or industrial areas in California. Professor Blackett makes no mention of guided missiles, which in the next few years can swing the advantage to air defence against bombers in no uncertain fashion. He quotes from "a wealth of important detail about the existing state of American air defence" and offers prospective percentages of kill ratios for day and night defence. But on what can such ratios be based? Can they have any real value? Surely the rate of loss depends on Soviet security and on American intelligence and radar, on the skill of the crews, the change of weather en route, and whether the targets are on the coastal fringes of the U.S. or deep inland. If Major-General Smith thinks a ninety per cent. kill ratio could probably be devised, how does he propose that this can apply to atomic shells fired at New York or San Francisco from hostile submarines lying uncomfortably near to the Statue of Liberty or the Golden Gate? Incidentally, it is odd that Professor Blackett, whose war-time weapon experience was largely—I understand—with the Navy, and who mentions atomic shells in his article, should make no reference to submarines in considering possible atomic attack on the U.S.

The Alsop Brothers are quoted as saying that the U.S. has no air defence today. But surely Russia's air defence problem is greater than that of America. The radar equipment of the U.S. is more modern than that of the Soviet Union, its fighters are as good, and some American air bases are near enough to enable fighters to escort bombers to the Soviet Union and back. Nearly all, if not all, Russian raids on the U.S., however, would have to be unescorted. Surely it is the Russians who would have no defence en route to the target.

7 Wellesley Court, Oxford Street, London, W.9. ASHER LEE

RADIO POLITICS

SIR,—"Any Questions" is no doubt a great blessing to the Conservative Party: but Socialists who throw stones at the B.B.C. at this time show a terrible blindness to what is impending on the broadcasting front. If the Government's plans for commercial TV go through, the entire principles of impartiality in broadcasting will go by the board, and we shall look back with the keenest regret to the standards maintained by the B.B.C.

The following extract from Hansard (January 27) speaks for itself:

Mr. Mayhew asked the Assistant Postmaster-General whether he proposes to permit news programmes and political programmes on commercial television; and what steps he proposes to take to ensure a fair balance of political opinion on the boards of programme companies.

Mr. Gammans. I would ask the Hon. Member to await the publication of the Television Bill.

Mr. Mayhew. Meanwhile, may I ask the Minister to give a general assurance that he is not going to grant licences to groups of Conservative Party supporters?

Mr. Gammans. At this stage, I am not prepared to give any assurances that I have not already given to the House.

It is plain that the proposed programme companies will be directed by the usual run of company directors, the overwhelming majority of whom will be Conservatives. If the Government does not intend that they shall produce programmes of the "Any Questions" type, it has not said so, and has made no provision in its scheme for anyone else to do it. In any case, plenty of politics can be packed into the average TV entertainment programme.

Deadlier still will be the long-term political effect of the "commercials." The most persuasive medium of communication ever known will be used to show us the virtues (never the vices) of our leading industrial concerns, and, by implication, of our existing economic system. We shall be shown how Tate and Lyle sugar is untouched by human hand; how I.C.I. meticulously studies consumers' tastes; how throughout the entire economy the interests of consumers and workers come first, and the interests of shareholders—if they are ever mentioned—last. The cumulative impact of thousands of these "commercials" day after day upon millions of viewers will make this trouble over "Any Questions" look very small beer. NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers should give the B.B.C. a rest, and start shooting at the target that matters.

House of Commons. CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW

SIR,—Any radio programme is by its nature wide open to criticism, and as I am an occasional member of "Any Questions" teams, a word in defence of the programme from me may be thought to be suspect. But your readers would be better able to judge aright if your correspondents were reasonably accurate in their statements.

Mr. Myers says, among other things, that in the "Any Questions" broadcast on January 1 last the B.B.C. had compromised their reputation for political impartiality by presenting a team of three Conservatives and one Liberal. I will reply only that I have the best of reasons for knowing that Mr. Myers' statement is untrue. Mr. Myers remarks further that it was natural that such a team should pick three Conservative statesmen as the "Men of the Year for 1953." He neglects to tell you that we also mentioned Lavrenti Beria, who would hardly have been chosen as a member of the Carlton Club. Mr. Myers tells us, too, of another B.B.C. programme he watched "with the inevitable anti-Socialist Chairman to make

Chairs for my customers
-hip-hip hooray!

"My latest dining version of the traditional Windsor Chair," *said the ERCOLion,* "is causing many people to sit up in comfort and take notice. It retains all the endearing and enduring virtues of its kind, but garnishes them with new graces and refinements. Note the pleasing proportions, the mellow waxed finish and the detachable pallet cushions which successfully avoid shining after-effects no matter how often you sit on them. My chairs are designed with the tenderest consideration for the sitter's anatomy (and his pocket) in either natural or dark wood. All good furniture shops get a supply. Call it a policy of chair and chair alike, or better still call at your nearest stockist and see them for yourself."

FURNITURE INDUSTRIES LIMITED • HIGH WYCOMBE • BUCKS

sure that the 'Right' would prevail." The inference is that question-masters or chairmen of discussion programmes are always anti-Socialist. Once again, speaking as a fairly frequent Question-Master, I know that this is simply untrue.

Your more recent correspondent, Mr. W. E. George, rates a later team for being "so discourteous and unmanly as to attack by name a person who was not present." It is difficult to see how the B.B.C. could arrange for the presence at each performance of "Any Questions" of all the distinguished public figures who might be mentioned, or whose views might even be attacked by members of the team, especially since none of us knows in advance what questions the audience will produce. I am all for good manners, in private as well as in public. But I also note with some disquiet the increasing touchiness of many public men who ought to have learnt that the ambition to play a prominent part in public life should go with an equal readiness to put up with public criticism. I remember well some previous "Any Questions" programmes in which hard, and perhaps even rude things, were said about Senator McCarthy and Dr. Malan without arousing any protests from the readers of your Journal. But perhaps we ought to be careful, in choosing public men for illustrative comment, to confine ourselves to those who not only live a long way off but who also belong to political parties not popular with your correspondents. And even then we might get ourselves wrong with the *Economist*. In a word, righteous indignation and bigotry are very usual bedfellows.

The Mount, JACK LONGLAND
Nr. Matlock.

SIR,—Two or three years ago I recall the "Any Questions" programme coming from Avonmouth. There the usual three anti-Socialist speakers did not get the happy reception to which they are accustomed—in fact they were booed. That may be the reason why the non-(Labour) party, non-(Labour) political B.B.C. keeps strictly to the quiet Tory districts with its at least three anti-Socialist speakers, apparently feeling that its millions of listeners must now always be given the Tory atmosphere. B. W. DALE
Coulsdon, Surrey.

LOOK AND LISTEN

SIR,—The attitude of the B.B.C. to broadcasts from a rationalist point of view is even less defensible than would appear from William Salter's comment. I have just seen a letter giving reasons for rejecting a proposed script by a university lecturer and author of some distinction on the subject of Humanism and Ethics. The most significant sentence was the last: "If you think that religion is just a kind of litter to be cleared away, you will only waste your time, and the listeners' time by talking about it." The claim by the B.B.C. to have broadened its policy in this respect should be set beside what seems a frank admission that anti-religious scripts are rejected on principle; for that, at least, is what happens.

HECTOR HAWTON
The Rationalist Press Association Ltd.,

SIR,—In his excellent criticism of religious broadcasting Mr. Salter omits any reference to religious broadcasts addressed to the young. Leaving aside Services for Schools and Children's Hour prayers and services—which, I fear, usually fall in the category of the banal—I would like to refer to the talks on religion and philosophy which are included in the schools' broadcasts. The purpose of these talks appears to be to give a reasoned approach to belief in God; for example, the current series is entitled "Natural Science and Supernatural Religion" and this week's talk "The Christian Interpretation of the Universe." This might be all very well if opposing points of view were to be similarly argued and the young listeners presented with a variety of ideas from which to develop their opinions.

In my experience this is not the case, and personally I fail to see how we can deplore the note of indoctrination of the young in the eye of totalitarian states when we continue to permit the existence of so large a beam in our own eye. Decidedly, we are to be Christian, whether we like it or not, and the B.B.C. is out to catch us young.

178 King's Avenue, MYRTLE POLLARD
Woodford Green

WHAT WENT WRONG IN UGANDA

SIR,—It is possible to hold the view that Charles I was arbitrarily tried and illegally condemned without being either in favour of ship money or a supporter of the Stuarts. Commander Fox-Pitt should remember that the toast of "the King over the water" was drunk not only by Jacobite, but by all who hated the House of Hanover.

I do not believe that the Labour Party ought to commit itself to a monarchical election (itself an unusual process—will there be a *locus pœnitentiæ?*) at some unspecified date which can be years distant. As Mr. Crossman points out, that would leave a state of uncertainty involving great harm to the colony.

I do not agree with Mr. Fenner Brockway that the demand for independence for Buganda was intended to be for Uganda as a whole or that the demand now made by all the rulers of Uganda shows it was so intended. It really will not do to say that the Kabaka, a man of first-class education, could not have made this clear to Sir Andrew Cohen. Mr. Brockway says that the Kabaka would accept Mr. Crossman's plan; but surely he has himself withdrawn these demands to the Colonial Office.

I do not agree with Mr. Crossman that the deposition of the Kabaka was inevitable. I do not think it was necessary or wise. I do think, however, that with the exception of this phrase the two articles were by far the most able appraisal of the situation in East Africa yet penned. I hope the present negotiation will succeed, but the predominant consideration now is the interest of the people of Uganda. I agree with Mr. Crossman that nothing could operate more against their interests than a state of suspended constitutional animation.

12 Gordon Mansions, LESLIE HALE
London, W.C.1.

THE POWDER AND THE JAM

SIR,—John Strachey in his article makes the point that the advent of another Labour Government will herald another flight from the £, and he suggests steps that such a Government would have to take to avoid a crisis. But why does he want to avoid a crisis? Why have Labour Governments in 1931 and 1949 shrunk back when the crisis loomed ahead and resorted to measures to bolster up the crumbling system?

Surely a crisis is just the opportunity required to introduce socialist planned measures into the country's financial system. Of course, we must make plans ahead for the measures that we propose to take when the crisis arrives, but let us make it clear that we would welcome the crisis for the opportunity it gives us to introduce Socialism.

36 Oakleigh Avenue, D. H. MILES
Whetstone, N.20.

SIR,—I shall be interested to learn for whom the article by John Strachey "The Powder and the Jam" was written—whether it was intended to appeal to the Intellectual Left Wing or the Rank and File of the Labour Party? I think all "floating" voters owe Mr. Strachey a debt of gratitude for putting into plain terms what the consequences of another Labour Government are likely to be. It is quite clear that the assertion of the Tories that Socialism is merely a stepping stone to Communism has some basis of truth; how else can one explain Mr. Strachey's proposals for Comprehensive Import Licences and Export Priorities, coupled with increased control over foreign exchange transactions? These measures in peace-time are invariably first steps in Dictatorship. It becomes a simple matter to wield autocratic Powers over people once you have 100 per cent. control over their assets and production. Does anyone believe that unless such controls are implemented by the harshest of punishments that they will not lead to widespread evasion and corruption? It is upon such controls which are left incomplete that the Stanleys of this world thrive. More important, does anyone believe that any attempt at control of Industry and Finance, more widespread than anything previously attempted, can in fact be carried on efficiently by any Government in the light of past experience of Nationalisation? Will not the only inevitable result be the increase of non-productive pen-pushers at the various Ministries and the Board of Trade with a stultifying of effort, and an inevitable decrease in production owing to the lack of profit incentive, reprehensible though this may be in theory.

In the concluding part of his article Mr. Strachey appears to be prepared to face honestly the consequences to the economic system of the present Labour programme; can he with the same honesty look at a programme of peace-time controls more sweeping than anything known in war-time and feel that his cure is not worse than the disease?

16 John Dalton Street, J. ROSS
Manchester, 2.

regularly in the
DAILY MIRROR

"One of the most penetrating cartoonists in the world today. He has a line that never stales, good humour, fancy, wit, high indignation."
—**Manchester Guardian.**

GENTLEMAN FROM WHITEHALL

SIR,—Your sketch of Mr. Hugh Gaitskell portrays him as a cross between Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Neville Chamberlain and one of Mr. Bowlby's affectionless thieves. You will not be surprised that someone who shared rooms with him at Oxford finds it totally unrecognisable and, I am afraid, malevolent.

You do not agree with much that Mr. Gaitskell stands for. How should you? THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION might be a less provocative paper if you did. I have not bought it these many years for its public school spirit or emphasis on traditional virtues. But is all this envy, hatred and malice really necessary?

You present Hugh Gaitskell above all as the victim and exponent of an unwinking ambition, a cold, calculating fellow who never lets up in the pursuit of his own advancement. Yet it is possible to have known him well for thirty years and still question whether there is a man in public life whose integrity is more obvious or who is more dedicated to his own conception of duty. How the machine-made careerist you describe could inspire "the almost fanatical devotion among his intimates" is a mystery which you leave unsolved. But you make a great sneering point of his alleged lack of emotional appeal to the hearts of the masses, and there perhaps you will let me quote the words of someone who, I think, you would agree is a far greater authority on working-class feeling than you or I: "The miners love him." Can the same be said of many of us in politics?

PAKENHAM

SIR,—Perhaps you would allow me, as one of those who *do* remember Hugh Gaitskell in the early '30s, to correct one of the more misleading impressions conveyed by your Profile last week.

The article referred to his friendship with my late husband. In 1931 this association was as close as at any subsequent point in my husband's life; both men were teaching Economics at University College; both lectured for the W.E.A. regularly; my husband was the adopted Labour Party Candidate for East Grinstead, fighting the General Election in that Division. I can assert that their views on Ramsay MacDonald and the political issues of the day, were identical. There could be no question of a "toss-up" to decide Hugh Gaitskell to follow Henderson and Clynes. Why should there be, for one who three years previously had been a *full-time* Tutor in the W.E.A., living amongst his miner students in Nottingham, and who two years before that had taken an active part in the General Strike?

This, I fear, is but one example of your Profile writer's general failure to assess with any degree of verisimilitude Hugh Gaitskell's real integrity of character. My personal regret as one of his friend's scarcely outweighs that which I feel when I consider the harm that is done—intentional or otherwise—to the Labour Party by judgments of such pusillanimity and inaccuracy at such an influential level.

Hampstead. MARJORIE DURBIN

SIR,—The writer of the Profile "The Gentleman from Whitehall" is to be congratulated on the skill with which he has illuminated, through a personal study, one of the current problems of the Labour Party—the extent to which the benefits of a planned economy and a Welfare State can be, and should be, combined with the diffusion of power and the extension of citizen participation in decision making.

The urgent economic problems that have had to be faced since the war have encouraged concentration of power, in government and industry, in the hands of small groups of politicians, trade unionists and civil servants. The majority of citizens are passive receivers of benefits or executants of orders; their individual needs may be sacrificed to administrative convenience. Is the persistence of this concentration of power essential, in present circumstances, for the maintenance of the Welfare State, or should a Socialist party ensure a greater distribution of responsibility and the extension of opportunities for active citizen participation in public affairs? To some extent this is a question of reversing the policies of centralisation and transfer of functions which have weakened local government, but it is also a question of devising new methods of association in industry and administration. Such diffusion of responsibility may involve some loss of efficiency, for the gentlemen from Whitehall do sometimes know best; but without it bureaucracy strengthens and freedom contracts. Without an active democracy it does not seem likely that much further progress towards an egalitarian society.

Putney. MARJORIE MCINTOSH

SIR,—Your anonymous critic who masquerades as a writer of Profiles in your last issue states, on Hugh Gaitskell: "But he was never loved by the workers in the industries he commanded; and if he is remembered—and, within his limitations, he should be—as an outstandingly good Minister, it will tend to be by the planners, and not by the miners."

Could I, as one who at least knows the miners, having been President since 1939, and, of course, still got my union card paid up, have just some little proof of how this intellectual on your staff arrives at his conclusions? Of course, I would agree that I have heard some ex-miners, who suffer from disappointment at today's miners not accepting them at the same high standard that they place upon themselves, express in private, not publicly, the same ideas as your critic. Maybe he also is a disappointed ex-miner who is disturbed at the lack of loving endearance that today's miners have in today's prognosticators of pessimism and gloom. It is possible that today's critic you employ can be as far wrong as you were in 1938 on the Munich affair, as to me at least he is on Hugh Gaitskell. WILL LAWTHER

DEFENCE OF WOMEN

SIR,—Miss Knight accuses me of having "crossed the floor and aligned myself psychologically with the male sex" because I remarked that the average male intellect seemed, from the accumulated evidence, historical and contemporary, on the whole superior to the female. This view of the two sexes as rival and competing teams, each demanding "loyalty" from its members, seems very odd. Can one not feel detached about one's sex (as about one's country), and say quite objectively that one sex seems to be richer in this or that quality than the other, that men seem, for instance, to be more physically courageous, or that women tend to be kinder to sick persons and young children? All this about "psychological alignment" seems singularly irrelevant.

I am not conscious of "rejection of the feminine role." Can this indeed be done? It sounds an interesting experiment. But, since I am not clear precisely what this role is, I may, of course, have rejected it in absence of mind. (Though I cannot see that a childish jingle addressed by an imaginary girl to a brother at the front proves any such rejection. Perhaps I might add that I myself am a pacifist.) But anyhow, what has my alleged "psychological alignment" to do with the question which is the more able sex? I imagined that I was uttering an incontrovertible truism; but perhaps nothing about the sexes is this.

ROSE MACAULAY

DRUNKEN DRIVING

SIR,—Critic's story of the absurdly inadequate punishment for a motoring offence is enough to make one's blood boil. A few days ago it was announced that the number of cases of drunken drivers in Monmouthshire had doubled in a very short time. Yet the period of disqualification for this type of offence is rarely more than 12 months, and this is often reduced later on grounds of hardship.

Is there no M.P. who will bring in a Bill to make the minimum period of disqualification 10 years for such serious motoring offences as drunkenness, with a life disqualification for a second similar offence?

MOTORIST

"QUEEN EDITH"

SIR,—

Your Profile of Edith Sitwell
Didn't appear to fit well
Until her reply
Dotted each i.

Hampstead. GEORGE RAPP

FAITHFULLY RECORDED
AUTHORITATIVE EXAMPLES OF

Gregorian Chant

sung by The Choir of The Monks of
The Abbey of SAINT-PIERRE DE SOLESMES
conducted by DOM JOSEPH GAJARD, O.S.B.

FULL DETAILS of these, now the *only* readily available records of Plainsong made by the Benedictine monks of Solesmes, and of a comprehensive booklet (price 2/6), available with or without the records, are given in a free leaflet to be obtained from The Decca Record Company Ltd.

DECCA lp +ffrr

long playing 33⅓ r.p.m. records LXT 2704-8

THE DECCA RECORD COMPANY LTD., BRIXTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.9

Books in General

ONE early morning, in October, 1902, Mr. and Mrs. "Richter" were still abed in their lodgings near Kings Cross. There was a violent knocking at the door. Mrs. Richter, opening it, called out: "*The Pen* has arrived!" In this way Trotsky, "the young eagle," burst—under his first pseudonym—into Lenin's life. The meeting was a symbol of their future. Lenin was orderly, quiet in speech and habit, hardly to be distinguished from his neighbours. Trotsky rode contemptuously over the conventions, knocking violently at doors and expecting them to open at the impact of his genius. He was at a loss when there was no door to force open. Lenin was to end as a sacred mummy, in the silence of death still dominating the lives of two hundred million people. Trotsky was to be murdered far from Europe and—what would seem worse to him—his very name has been erased from the history-books. Mention Bronstein, and men think you are referring to a chess-player. The greatest writer and perhaps the greatest leader that revolution ever produced is forgotten; and the younger generation of readers will puzzle why a book has been devoted to him.

Mr. Deutscher has done a striking work of rehabilitation.* This is the story of Trotsky's triumph. It carries him through the victory of the revolution and the civil war to his highest moment, when he seemed the predestined successor of Lenin. A further volume will tell the story of his fall and of his unquenchable resistance until he was rubbed out by an ice-pick. Mr. Deutscher has mastered all the printed sources and has been the first to use extensively the Trotsky archives now at Harvard. Yet it may be questioned whether he is the right man for the subject. We can perhaps get over his ponderous style, suitable enough when he is pontificating on Bolshevism in the columns of the Astor press. But, like all Marxists—even the lapsed ones—he wants always to discover profound historical forces where there was only the will of men. He writes of the early Bolsheviks: "Lenin's party had its roots deep in Russian soil"; this of some two or three thousand men, bewitched by an academic ideal. In 1917 "the whole dynamic of Russian history was impelling Lenin and Trotsky, their party, and their country towards the revolution"; when it would be truer to say that these two wrenched "history" (whatever that may mean) violently from its course. In the most preposterous passage of all he describes the Russian working class of 1917 (who, poor chaps, had no idea what was happening to them) as

> one of history's wonders. Small in numbers, young, inexperienced, uneducated, it was rich in political passion, generosity, idealism, and rare heroic qualities . . . With its semi-illiterate thoughts it embraced the idea of the republic of the philosophers.

The reader must put up with this hocus-pocus for the sake of the gigantic individual who overshadows it.

Trotsky himself used to claim that history was on his side. When he came to the Congress of Soviets fresh from the conquest of power, he called to the protesting Mensheviks: "You have played out your role. Go where you belong: to the dustheap of history." Yet no man ever chose his role in greater isolation or followed a course of more determined individualism. Trotsky carried to its peak the era of individual greatness which had begun with the French Revolution. He was a more powerful voice than Danton's, self-educated, self-made, self-advised. One could say of him as of Napoleon: "his presence on the battlefield was worth ten divisions." It is ironic that Trotsky, the greatest of revolutionary Socialists, should have owed his success to liberal enterprise and capitalist freedom. The age of the individual was finished when men were eclipsed by machines—and nowhere more decisively than by the machine of the great political party. In the First World War genius still counted. Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Trotsky, were each in their separate ways the saviours of their countries. It is no accident that the careers of all three ended in barren failure when the war was over. The leaders of the Second World War needed bureaucracies and party-organisations. Even Winston Churchill had to become leader of the Conservative party; and only backward countries, Yugoslavia or France, could produce heroes—a Tito or a de Gaulle. Trotsky came just in time. Now he could never rise from provincial obscurity.

Trotsky had no background of Marxist training or of party experience. Mr. Deutscher writes: "He diligently studied Marxism, which in this its golden age gave the adept a solid mental equipment." In reality Trotsky learnt from Marxism only that capitalism was doomed—a fact which he knew instinctively already. His own writings that have survived never dealt with economic developments; they were concerned always with political strategy, owing more to Clausewitz than to Marx. He never adapted himself to the needs of practical work in a party. When he first came to London in 1902 it was as a detached individual; and he stood outside the conflict between Bolshevik and Menshevik. Though himself a revolutionary, he opposed Lenin's exclusiveness; and always hoped to close the breach between the two Socialist currents. Even after the revolution of 1905, when his actions had outstripped Bolshevik theory, he kept up a tolerant association with the Mensheviks; and the outbreak of the First World War found him more solitary than ever. He joined the Bolshevik party only in the summer of 1917, some two months before he was to carry it to supreme power. The exact date is unknown; and the possession of a party-card meant nothing to him. His position in the world did not depend on the accuracy of a filing-cabinet.

In the slovenly decay of imperial Russia Trotsky's voice could fill a continent. When the revolution of 1905 broke out, he was an unknown youth of twenty-five. At St. Petersburg, knowing nobody, representing nobody, he forced himself on to the Soviet; and before it ended he was its dominating figure. At the final meeting he even ruled out of order the police officer who had come to arrest the members: "Please do not interfere with the speaker. If you wish to take the floor, you must give your name." In those days words were more powerful than armies. It was the same on a more gigantic scale in 1917. The Bolsheviks did not carry Trotsky to power; he carried them. Lenin made the party resolve on insurrection, but he was still in hiding when it broke out and at first could not believe in its success. The seizure of power in October was Trotsky's work; and Lenin acknowledged this immediately afterwards, with supreme generosity, when he proposed that Trotsky be put at the head of the new revolutionary government. One may even ask—what did Lenin and the Bolsheviks do during the civil war? They held on clumsily to the reins of civil power in Moscow. It was Trotsky who created the armies; chose the officers; determined the strategy; and inspired the soldiers. Every interference by the Soviet government was a mistake; and the greatest mistake was the campaign against Poland, which Trotsky opposed. The achievement was not only one of organisation. It was the impact of a fiery personality, the sparks from which flew round the world.

The man of action in Trotsky was always second to the man of words, even at the greatest moments of decision. He was never happy over a victory until he had written about it; and in later years literary triumph seemed almost to atone with him for the bitterness of defeat. Bernard Shaw said that, as a political pamphleteer, he "surpassed Junius and Burke"; what is even more to the point, he is the only Marxist who has possessed literary genius. Time and again the force of this genius posed problems that were still unperceived by others and even pointed to solutions that were unwelcome to Trotsky himself. Immediately after the revolution of 1905, when he was still in prison, he discovered the central dilemma which a victorious Russian revolution would face and which indeed the Soviet Union still faces. How was revolutionary Russia to maintain itself in a hostile world? Backwardness made revolution easy, but survival difficult. Trotsky gave already the answer to which he adhered all his life: permanent revolution. The Russian revolution must touch off revolutions elsewhere. "The working class of Russia will become the initiator of the liquidation of capitalism on a global scale." It was in this belief that Trotsky led the revolution of 1917, defied the German empire at Brest-Litovsk, and composed the most ringing periods in the foundation manifesto of the Communist International. But what if the more advanced proletariat failed to respond? It was useless to maintain for long Trotsky's earliest answer: "luckily for mankind, this is impossible."

The impossible is what men get from events—and often at its most unwelcome. Trotsky foresaw even in 1905 the conflict that would follow between workers and peasants, if they were ever cooped up together in isolation. Once more he fell back on pious hope. The working class would remain by its very nature enlightened, progressive, tolerant. Somehow "proletarian dictatorship" would escape the

* *The Prophet Armed: Trotsky* 1879-1921. By ISAAC DEUTSCHER. *Oxford*. 30s.

Charles Morgan

THE BURNING GLASS

The complete text of Mr. Morgan's third play, which has just opened at the Apollo Theatre. With a long preface "On Power over Nature." 9s. 6d.

★

Westward Ho with the 'Albatross'

HANS PETTERSSON

A graphic, first-hand account of the Swedish Deep-Sea Expedition combined with a lively personal narrative which will appeal to a wide variety of readers. *Illustrated.* 21s.

★

Vercors

BORDERLINE

A new novel by the author of *Le Silence de la Mer*. "A brilliant and disconcerting little fable for our time. In the virgin depths of New Guinea a scientific expedition stumbles upon a strange community of creatures who seem to be half-apes, half-men . . . "—*Times Literary Supplement.* 11s. 6d.

★

The Origins of the Labour Party

1880-1900

HENRY PELLING

A detailed examination of the origins, growth, and structure of the Socialist societies and individual trade unions during the most crucial period of Labour political history. *Illustrated.* 21s.

★

The Dollar

R. F. HARROD

"In these lectures, tracing the development of American monetary policy from its earliest beginnings, Mr. Harrod has made a useful contribution to the subject by setting it in its historical perspective."—*The Times.* 9s. 6d.

MACMILLAN

A Layman's Love of Letters

G. M. TREVELYAN

"These Clark Lectures when thus put together form a memorable book, and when studied with his historical work show clearly the full scope of one of the finest minds of the present generation."

LORD BIRKENHEAD (*Time & Tide*)

11s. 6d. *net*

Catherine the Great and other studies

G. P. GOOCH

A brilliant portrayal of the Russian Empress, with some equally perceptive studies of contemporary "salon thinkers."

Illustrated. 21s. *net.* *March* 1st.

Two Stories

JANET TREVELYAN

This book contains two very unusual essays in autobiography. The first is an account of family life in pre-1914 England, as reflected in the brief history of the author's eldest son, who died at the age of five; the second concerns the struggle to save Coram's Fields from the builder for the children of London.

Illustrated. 21s. *net.* *March* 1st.

Fiction

Johnny's Sister

LEIGH HOWARD

(author of *Crispin's Day*)

This is the story of an English saboteur's mission to Norway—and of the brief passionate interlude with "Johnny's Sister" that overshadowed greater events.

Feb. 22nd. 10s. 6d. *net.*

N.B. Mary Renault's "Homosexual Novel Beautiful" (vide *New Statesman*!), THE CHARIOTEER, is reprinted at 15s. net.

★

LONGMANS

FABER

Folly Farm C. E. M. JOAD

Foreword by John Betjeman and Canon A. F. Hood.

Dr. Joad described this book, finished shortly before his death, as a Peacockian dialogue. At Folly Farm Mr. Longpast, a retired professional philosopher, entertains his friends and himself with a series of conversations on every subject under the sun. While *Folly Farm* belongs in spirit to the country of *Crotchet Castle*, it belongs in time to our own. 9/6

The Laughing Matter

A Serious Story by WILLIAM SAROYAN

His gripping new novel. 'Saroyan's least diffuse and oracular novel, his most tense, best organized. . . . Sharp scenes, some of them unbearably moving, and a fast moving story are the result.'—*New York Times.* 12/6

That Yew Tree's Shade CYRIL HARE

'Cyril Hare rings the bell again. . . . First class.'—FRANCIS ILES: *Sunday Times.* 'Excellent. . . Once again that witty and charming lawyer Mr. Pettigrew comes to the aid of Supt. Trimble.'—GEORGE MALCOLM THOMPSON: *Evening Standard.* 10/6

My Life in the Bush of Ghosts AMOS TUTUOLA

'To admirers of *The Palm Wine Drinkard* this novel . . . will need no recommendation, while those unacquainted with its predecessor are advised to obtain both these unique, absorbing and richly comic works without delay.'—J. MACLAREN-ROSS: *Sunday Times.* Dylan Thomas called the *Drinkard* 'that tall, devilish story': this one is taller still and even more devilish. 12/6

After the Holiday LOUISE COLLIS

A novel. 'Brilliantly written—shows a power of perception and an imaginative boldness both very remarkable . . . a very fine writer indeed.'—STORM JAMESON. 'Her style has a sharp intensity unusual in modern fiction . . . the tension of the writing never slackens.'—*Manchester Guardian.* 12/6

Culbertson Point-Count Bidding ELY CULBERTSON

This book has been eagerly awaited by bridge players. From the maze of point-count methods the world's leading bridge expert has evolved a revolutionary and more accurate system which should become standard. 'A great book which is surely the last word in modern contract bridge.'—*Yorkshire Observer.*

With card hands of play. 10/6

Literary Essays of Ezra Pound

Edited with an Introduction by T. S. Eliot

This volume gathers together Ezra Pound's most important contributions to literary criticism during the last forty years. 'Everyone concerned with literature should possess this book.'—*Time and Tide.* 30/-

The Overreacher HARRY LEVIN

A study of Christopher Marlowe. 'Warmly commended, for it represents a thoroughgoing application to the study of Marlowe of comparative and historical method, expertly handled.'—*New Statesman.* 21/-

History in English Words OWEN BARFIELD

CYRIL CONNOLLY (in *The Sunday Times*): 'More than a book about words, it is about important words, and it is extremely well-written, with one source in literature and the other in semantics. . . . Learned, imaginative, moving and feliciteously factual.'

Revised edition. 18/-

FABER

evils which other forms of dictatorship had always produced. Did Trotsky ever believe this? It seems unlikely. In the early days of doctrinal dispute he always preached toleration, despite his own sharp and wounding phrases. Lenin had an easier time of it. Both men understood the virtue of intellectual freedom. But for Lenin it was one of the many bourgeois virtues that he was prepared to discard—confident that Communism would resurrect it in a higher form. In just the same way he was ready to write off the greatest artistic achievements of the past. The very wonder of them was an embarrassment in the present. Trotsky could never bring himself to renounce European civilisation. He recognised Russia's backwardness and resented being associated with it—an attitude possible for a Jew, but repugnant even to Lenin. As the net of intolerance drew tighter, as the European revolutions failed and the Russian masses became increasingly discontented, Trotsky grew more explosive.

His response was characteristic. At one bound he reached totalitarianism in its most ruthless form. His own gifts betrayed him. A dictator lurks in every forceful writer. Power over words leads easily to a longing for power over men. Trotsky could never resist a challenge. He wrote *The Defence of Terrorism* at the height of his labours during the civil war; and he justified the conquest of Georgia against the Social Democrats of western Europe, though he had himself opposed it. Now in 1921 he preached the militarisation of labour and permanent dictatorship of the Communist party. Lenin restrained him. But the weapons which Trotsky forged then were soon to be turned against him by Stalin. He was to purge his betrayal of freedom by many years of resistance and exile. The glories of his revolutionary triumph pale before the nobility of his later defeats. The spirit of man was irrepressible in him. Colonel Robins, the American military representative at Petrograd, pronounced history's verdict: "A four-kind son-of-a-bitch, but the greatest Jew since Jesus Christ."

A. J. P. TAYLOR

PASTORAL

This morning, yawning, Dic Fawr, said
"Evans the 'Ship and Castle' is dead"
"Is he indeed? Poor chap" I said.

The huge horse rose in its shadowy stall
We smoked and watched its brown excreta fall
And Dic said, spitting, "After all

You couldn't expect a chap like that
With bottles to hand from where he sat
Not to soak. His belly was like a vat."

Dic went across to stir the horse's feed.
"Come on. Eat up," he said, "you're harrowing the fifteen acre field
All day today," and wistfully to me, "It was a nice death indeed."

Outside the lark was gargling with dew
When Dic led out Captain Belle and True
The sunlight dripped in the lane. The sky was blue.

EMYR HUMPHREYS

SINGULAR EXPERIMENT IN HOLLYWOOD

The Doors of Perception. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 6*s.*

We all day-dream: if only we were Prince Charles, or a marvellous poet, or the statesman with power to save the world or the engine driver of the Flying Scotsman. . . . Mr. Aldous Huxley has never concealed his dream: if only he were a mystic or an artist or thinker such as Blake or St. John of the Cross or the Beethoven of the posthumous quartets, who saw and comprehended the nature of being in ecstasies and visions detached from the cloaca of terrestrial life, how blessed he would be! If only in his Pilgrim's Progress the burden of his brow would drop from him and his ceaselessly ratiocinating mind would stop working and separating him from direct experience of spontaneity and passion! If only the dreary world of spatial-temporal relations would dissolve and he could perceive Reality! Well, it has happened: to be precise, at half-past twelve one afternoon in Hollywood last year Mr. Huxley became for four hours a mystic.

It was all quite simple. The compound of mescalin, which is related to the Mexican Indian drug peyotl, inhibits the production of the enzymes which regulate the supply of glucose to the brain. Having taken four-tenths of a gramme of mescalin, Mr. Huxley sat down ready to enter Nirvana flanked by friends who played the gramophone or brought him pictures and recorded his remarks on tape when he got there. His intellect, fortunately for us, remained unimpaired, but he experienced two fascinating changes. First, the will to do anything or go anywhere gravely deteriorated: he became a Lotus-eater. Nor was this surprising, for, secondly, his perception became so heightened that he saw everything in a new and staggering light. His trousers achieved cosmic significance. The stock responses which the mind makes when faced with a pair of trousers disappeared—he saw them new and shining in delectable folds and patterns and texture of infinite worth and beauty. A garden chair appeared like the Last Judgment: words such as Transfiguration and Grace were alone suitable to describe a rose. He saw with the eyes of Vermeer and Botticelli: those artists had such powers of detachment that they perceived objects as they are, whereas Cézanne appeared to paint objects to fit a theory of how they ought to look. On that afternoon Mr. Huxley stood at last aware of the Godhead, the Divine Ground, the Dharma-Body of the Buddha, the Not-Self and the *Sat Chit Ananda*. Here after fifty years' search was Is-ness.

All this Mr. Huxley describes with humour and erudition and concludes with a characteristic plea that we should prefer this harmless drug to those two legalised stimulants, cancerous tobacco and crapulous alcohol. It brings wisdom and happiness, tempered with the humility which comes from perceivng the limitations of one's own mind and the hell which schizophrenics inhabit and which lies next the mystics' world. At first sight this essay may appear to contradict the Aldous Huxley of 1932, who wrote: "I prefer being sober to even the rosiest and most agreeable intoxications. The peyotl trances of Swinburne, for example, have always left me perfectly *compos mentis*." But with scrupulous honesty he admits that he is still the same man, a mixture of Gumbril and Shearwater, who treats all experiences as intellectual problems. Under clinical conditions the objective world was indeed transformed for him by mescalin; but what of the subjective world? Shutting his eyes and contemplating his own mind, he appeared to be inhabiting a ship furnished by a five- and ten-cent store. "This suffocating interior of a dime-store ship was my own personal self; these gimcrack mobiles of tin and plastic were my personal contributions to the universe." Mescalin enables us to see things as Meister Eckhart saw them, but not to *be* Eckhart. We remain, as Mr. Huxley said long ago, our sweating selves or worse. His great domed brow continues to loom, the eyes to peer and his intellect to bowl along those worn grooves which were cut when he was a young man and which permit him only to tell the same tale in a different form. But it is told very agreeably and modestly; and it is a sensible plea to respect that direct unsystematic perception which the greatest creative writers and artists have possessed and which the intellectual in humility should reverence before he presumes to criticise.

NOEL ANNAN

WAE IS ME FOR RABBIE!

Burns into English: Renderings of Selected Dialect Poems of Robert Burns. By WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR. *Wingate.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

There can, I think, be no objection in principle, and least of all from a Scotsman, to what Mr. Kean Seymour is attempting to do in this volume. I suppose, indeed, we have been asking for it. Over the last thirty years or so we have been insisting bitterly that Lowland Scots—which our medieval ancestors called "Inglis"—is not a set of dialects of northern English, with a much richer literary tradition than most sets of dialects have, but a language; and what could be fairer than making a translation from one language into another, even into a very closely cognate one? Indeed, we are now doing Mr. Kean Seymour's sort of thing ourselves. I know of a man in Perthshire who is doing Hopkins into Lallans; Felix Randall becomes Beel McCandall and the drayhorse in that fine poem a Clydesdale. I cannot pretend, however, that I am happy about the results either in this translator's case or Mr. Kean Seymour's. Possibly we Scots have been pushing our arguments too hard. The Scots of Dunbar and Henryson was, it seems to me, a language in the true sense. It was something used not only for a remarkable body of literature, but at court and for legal and theological discourse, and so on. The Scots of Burns was already not quite a language in that sense. He used English always in his letters; and in his poems when he wanted to be lofty or high-flown. He probably did think of his own Scots as a dialect, as a not quite central language, and though today poets like Mr. MacDiarmid, Mr. Goodsir Smith, Mr. Tom Scott and the others do think of Scots as a language, they think of it, I imagine, as a language in the process of recreation; a language which *may* in future become a medium of common educated discourse in Scotland *if* its modern revivers create an impressive enough body of Lallans literature.

One reason for worrying, then, about Mr. Kean Seymour's effort is that Burns's own language—and even more, in some ways, the more difficult language of Dunbar, Henryson, Gawain Douglas—is the best stepping-stone to modern Lallans poetry, which one would like contemporary Southern readers to appreciate. It does not seem to me that the difficulty of looking up a glossary when reading Burns should be more of a handicap to the English lover of poetry than the difficulty, say, of reading the English metaphysicals and finding out what a calenture is or what Donne means by trepidation of the spheres; it is part of the general difficulty of putting a poem in the poet's own linguistic context which anybody who cares seriously about poetry must face. It is not like the difficulty of learning Chinese or even Spanish. The grammar of Scots is almost identical with that of English and a high proportion of the vocabularies of both languages, apart from phonetic differences, is also identical. Many Scots words, from the time of Walter Scott onwards, have been taken into current English; the Scots of Burns itself is not a thickety, impenetrable Scots like that of Gawain Douglas or of Mr. Robin Garioch today—it is a considerably diluted, rather Anglicised Scots. Burns ought really to be no more of a hurdle for English readers than Barnes. But that does not mean, alas, that making a translation of him, that is adequate to carrying over even his full denotative sense, is anybody's pigeon. Let me quote, for instance,

ROY JENKINS, M.P.
Mr. Balfour's Poodle
'A well planned and well executed study of "The struggle between the House of Lords and the Government of Mr. Asquith" . . A very good book'—*Sunday Times.*
'As political stories go it is the best in our annals . . Mr. Jenkins tells his story extremely well'—*Economist.*
21*s.*

FRED BLACKBURN, M.P.
George Tomlinson
One of the most lovable and popular Labour Leaders, George Tomlinson began his working life as a cotton weaver. He was a great story-teller, and this is a warmly human, as well as a valuable, political biography.
16*s.*

March 1st

FRANCIS SCARFE
The Art of Paul Valéry
A study in Dramatic Monologue.
Francis Scarfe traces the *dramatic* evolution of the poet's work in this important contribution to literary scholarship. 25*s.*

SINCLAIR LEWIS
The Man from Main St.:
Selected Essays and other Writings
Reveals Lewis as a gifted and militant pamphleteer. 15*s.*

J. B. PRIESTLEY

is at his best in this new novel to be published on Monday. It may be regarded as a tale, strange, humorous, dramatic, or as a sharply satirical fable of contemporary life.

The Magicians
a book to enjoy 15*s.*

in great demand

John Keats: The Living Year 16*s.*
ROBERT GITTINGS
The Vermillion Gate 15*s.*
LIN YUTANG
The Angry Angel 15*s.*
LAJOS ZILAHY

all from Heinemann

READY MARCH 2nd—*The Annual Issue of the*

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

SURVEY OF INDUSTRY, TRADE AND FINANCE, 1954

THE CHALLENGE OF CHANGE The annual Manchester Guardian report on industrial trends, problems and views; with sections on production, order-books, costs and prices, capital expenditure, labour, etc., etc.

REPORT ON THE NORTH-WEST How the birthplace of the Industrial Revolution is adapting itself to today's conditions. Sections on: The land and the people · The industrial structure · Cotton · Engineering · Oil-refining · Transport · Selected Lancashire towns and cities.

FIFTY MILLION CUSTOMERS An inquiry into the changing British consumer market. The social revolution of the last two or three decades; its commercial implications; and the ways in which manufacturers and retailers are responding to the exciting opportunities it offers.

THE CITY OF LONDON TODAY A commentary by R. H. Fry, Financial Editor of the Manchester Guardian.

AIDS TO BUSINESS PROGRESS A group of articles on up-to-date business practice, including forecasting, budgeting, electronics in the office, etc., etc.

Also articles on the future of the British aircraft, shipbuilding, and textile industries, etc., etc.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS *Order your copy now from your newsagent.*

THE BORMANN LETTERS

The outspoken correspondence of Martin Bormann, Hitler's "missing deputy," and his wife, from the time of Stalingrad to a month before the end: revealing the hidden intrigues at Nazi H.Q., and Bormann's own strange moral philosophy.
Edited and Introduced by
H. R. TREVOR-ROPER
16s

RECENT SUCCESSES

EDITED BY
Cyril Connolly
THE GOLDEN HORIZON
"A splendid affair . . . a Christmas pudding of a book"—*New Statesman.*
25*s*

Also by Cyril Connolly
IDEAS AND PLACES
"These comments will survive into literary history"—*Time and Tide.*
2nd impression *16s*

Rose Macaulay
PLEASURE OF RUINS
"May well prove the most remarkable of all Miss Macaulay's works"—*Truth.*
25*s*

Isaiah Berlin
THE HEDGEHOG & THE FOX
"The most important study of Tolstoy's thought written in English for a long time"—Noel Annan, *The Listener.* 2nd impression *8s 6d*

Maria Bellonci
THE LIFE & TIMES OF LUCREZIA BORGIA
"May well be one of the best historical monographs of the century"—*Observer.*
25*s*

Emile Zola
THE KILL (La Curée)
Introduction by Angus Wilson. Illustrations by Peter Emmerich. *12s 6d*
RESTLESS HOUSE (Pot Bouille)
Introduction by Angus Wilson. Illustrations by Philip Gough. *12s 6d*

WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON

a passage that does not *look* difficult, but where Mr. Kean Seymour has made so many blunders that one feels he might almost have been safer tackling some *obviously* difficult poet, like Gongora.

> There was a lad was born in Kyle,
> But whatna day o' whatna style
> I doubt it's hardly worth the while
> To be sae nice wi' Robin.

An expansive but fundamentally accurate prose paraphrase of this would be: "There was a lad who was born in Kyle, but if you ask me on what exact date—Old Style or New Style—I fear that it is hardly worth our trouble to be so precise where Robin is concerned." Mr. Kean Seymour renders this

> There was a lad was born in Kyle,
> But such a day and in such style,
> I doubt it's hardly worth the while
> To be too fine with Robin.

He has missed the sense of "whatna," the technical meaning of "o' whatna style," the still current Scottish but archaic English sense of "I doubt" ("I fear that"), and the sense of "nice"—which has not quite vanished yet, at least from academic English—as "precise, discriminatively exact." Mr. Kean Seymour is, of course, often much more successful than this. His *Tam O'Shanter* is a rapid, readable and vigorous English poem. But even there one misses, of course, the extraordinary contrast, of which Dr. Edwin Muir has made so much, of the humorous earthiness of the Scots and the intense sadness of the lyrical intrusion in *English*,

> But pleasures are like poppies spread. . . .

And in this lovely passage he does shock me, I must confess, by seeking to *improve* Burns's English. Where Burns has

> Or like the rainbow's lovely form
> Evanishing amid the storm,

Mr. Kean Seymour has,

> Or like the rainbow's lovely form
> That vanishes amid the storm,

which does not, really, seem to me an improvement but rather a flattening out. I hope these remarks do not seem too damping about a gallant effort. I write with the bias of early familiarity with Scots, and I do know at least two very respectable English critics who tell me they cannot distinguish good from bad in modern Lallans verse because the language acts as a barrier. There are needs that Mr. Kean Seymour's versions no doubt serve; but I hope people who buy the book will have the energy to use it not as a substitute for Burns—which it is not, any more than such lines of Mr. Roy Campbell's as

> My daughter, my sister,
> Consider the vista
> Of living out there, you and I,

are a substitute for Baudelaire—but as a crib.

G. S. FRASER

DENT

The Sage of Canudos
by Lucien Marchal
The dramatic and authentic novel (translated from the French by Charles Duff) of savage life and fanatical revolt in the Brazilian hinterland. 15*s*.

Joseph Conrad (COLLECTED EDITION)
A Set of Six
Stories typical of Conrad in all his many-sided genius: 'Gaspar Ruiz,' 'The Informer,' 'The Brute,' 'An Anarchist,' 'The Duel,' and 'Il Conde.' 7*s*. 6*d*.

Suspense
Conrad's last novel, the 'mighty fragment' into which he poured the wealth of his knowledge of the Napoleonic era and the force of his imagination. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Idle Days in Patagonia
W. H. Hudson (UNIFORM EDITION)
Beginning dramatically with a shipwreck on the desolate shores of the Southern Argentine, this is Hudson's first book in which his extraordinary narrative and descriptive powers are fully shown. 8*s*. 6*d*.

Mendelssohn
by Philip Radcliffe
A new study, in the *Master Musicians*, of the life and works of Mendelssohn, by the Lecturer in Music at Cambridge University. With calendar of events, table of compositions, and illustrations. 8*s*. 6*d*.

AMERICAN PRE-HISTORY

Treasure in the Dust. By FRANK C. HIBBEN. *Cleaver-Hume Press.* 25*s*.

While in Africa, Asia and Europe our ancestors were advancing through the stages of man-ape and ape-man towards full humanity, the American continent supported no higher form of life than flat-nosed monkeys. It was not until the end of the Old Stone Age when men of modern type had triumphed over the ape-men that the first discoverers of America entered the New World, probably crossing by way of the Behring Straits. This was some twenty to thirty thousand years ago—rather earlier than the painting of the Lascaux caves.

Treasure in the Dust summarises what is known of this Pleistocene invasion and of the gradual spread of mongoloid hunting peoples southward and westward throughout the entire continent. It then describes chapter by chapter the astonishingly various cultures developed by these pre-Columbian Americans as they adapted themselves to climates ranging from arctic to tropical and to lands ranging from huge mountains to vast plains. Among the most interesting of them are the culture of the Esquimaux, so simple yet exquisitely adjusted to their icy territories, and that of the North-West Coast Indians whose inexhaustible supplies of salmon allowed them to develop fantastically elaborate social rituals, including the potlatch, that wicked caricature of our own worst social follies. There is much of interest, too, in the history of the Basket-maker, Pueblo, and other early Indian peoples of the warm-south-west, who have left for the tourists of that land of automobiles and pseudo-cowboys, ruins of stone and adobe houses, gaunt in the desert, and honeycombs of romantic cliff dwellings. The Plains Indians of the Middle West are mainly distinguished by having upset the laws of history in reverting to hunting from a fully agricultural life, after the introduction of horses by the Spaniards had put the great bison herds at their mercy.

The least satisfactory of the chapters concerned with individual cultures are those dealing with the advanced civilisations of Central America; the accounts of Toltecs, Mayas and Aztecs are so compressed as to be both superficial and scrappy.

In all these separate cultural histories Dr. Hibben gives such archæological evidence as there is for the origin of the peoples concerned, and in so doing shows what striking advances American archæology has made of recent years. A few decades ago little was known of Indian pre-history, and its chronological framework was wildly insecure; now, as a result of excavation, and of the Carbon 14, tree-ring and other scientific methods of dating, the general picture begins to be clear and consistent. The Forties and Fifties will probably mark the high tide of American archæology as the inter-war years did of our own.

For those concerned with the large issues of human affairs, what is most fascinating about New World history lies in the possibility that the pre-Columbian Americans developed their civilisation in complete independence of the Old World. It is easy to believe that the agricultural revolution, which took place some four thousand years later than in Asia, was an independent advance; the almost exclusive cultivation of maize and the virtual absence of domestic animals sharply distinguished early American agriculture from that of the Old World. But if the Mexican civilisations with their gods, myths, priests and sacrificial altars, their superb stone architecture of sculptured pyramids and temples, their calendars and glyphic writing, were evolved by peoples who had entered the continent as poor hunters, then here is evidence of the most striking kind for the existence of patterns innate in the human psyche, evidence of the utmost importance for our understanding of mankind and of history. The fact that we make so little of so tremendous a subject is due, I suspect, to a nervous suspicion that at any time proof may be forthcoming of contacts, now denied, between the ancient civilisations of America and those of the Orient.

Dr. Hibben's book is to be welcomed as a useful summary of New World pre-history written at a time when a popular interpretation of recent discoveries was much needed. But its quality cannot be praised. While lacking the full-blooded popular appeal of the best-selling *Gods, Graves and Scholars*, it makes foolish concessions to supposed popular taste, such as opening each chapter with a paragraph of human interest, often faintly inane. "Two men with sun-burned faces pushed through the blackberry bushes on a high bank of the Ohio River." Again the supposed message of the book, several times repeated, that "the earliest Americans were seeking happiness just as ourselves," and such observations as "there is no one single road which every human must follow," and "The essence of antiquity is tolerance," are not the fruits of a distinguished mind. Still, until a better book appears, *Treasure in the Dust* is well worth having.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

A MUSICIAN'S COMPOSER

The Life and Music of Bela Bartok. By HALSEY STEVENS. *Oxford.* 45*s*.

Bartok. By SERGE MOREUX. Translated by G. S. FRASER and ERIK DE MAUNY. *Harvill Press.* 21*s*.

The music of Bela Bartok affords a perfect illustration of the dilemma that has confronted all kinds of artists, with increasing persistence, for the past hundred years, *viz*, how to communicate a personal vision in a manner that shall be more or less immediately intelligible to the averagely receptive person. It is doubtful whether Bartok himself faced this problem—or thought it worth facing—except perhaps in the last ten years of his life, when, in works like the Divertimento, the Violin Concerto, the Third Piano Concerto (incidentally not one of his strongest pieces), and the Concerto for Orchestra, he at last reached a wide audience by adding charm to the virtuosity which had always been a striking element in his make-up. But virtuosity need not be histrionic, and in Bartok's case a deeper variety shows itself in the chamber music, of which the appeal is almost exclusively to the trained musical mind. The string quartets, Bartok's richest and most characteristic legacy, have often been likened to those of Beethoven; but the parallel must not be pushed too far, for Beethoven's style developed gradually enough to carry his audience with it (though not perhaps to the very end), whereas Bartok's soon shot ahead of his.

Mr. Stevens, in his well constructed and informative book, tells us that Bartok's first master in composition was Janos Koessler, who presided also over the student career of Hindemith; and it is suggestive that Koessler was cousin to Max Reger and that his teaching was founded, not on the Viennese classical school, but on Bach. Since the opening of the present century, composers have been compelled to face the necessity of uniting a contrapuntal and a homophonic style within new idioms that are better suited to the

former; and of so uniting them that both should be a natural form of expression and that the passage from one to the other should not appear an obvious fabrication. This was no problem to composers working within the earlier traditions; but we have only to look at the work of Reger, Hindemith and Bartok to notice that it lies at the centre of their creative activity. The solution reached by the first two have not helped to endear them to the ordinary musical person, for the fact is that even the great Baroque masters of contrapuntal texture are cherished for their melodic genius by a public that is prepared to put up with a certain amount of counterpoint, but does not really enjoy it.

Bartok was a great though subtle melodist, and his best tunes are not those which he took over, just as they were, from the folk songs of Hungary and Bulgaria, but those which rose from a deep level of his own imagination and worked their way through an intellect saturated in folk music. The difference is considerable, because (as Constant Lambert pointed out long ago) folk tunes do not submit themselves willingly to formal treatment. Bartok solved this difficulty in his own way, as Vaughan Williams has done in his, by inventing folk-like (*i.e.*, modal) themes that *would* fit into a symphonic framework. Even then, I think, the result was not invariably successful, though neither of our authors would agree with this. It is all very well for M. Moreux to speak (quoting Bartok himself) of the moment when folk music "becomes the composer's native language, so that he employs it as freely as the poet does his own native tongue." This is too glib. In civilised countries the tongue is not the same for all the natives. An educated Hungarian, we may presume, does not use the same phraseology as a peasant; nor can a sophisticated musician of any nationality employ folk tunes freely (*i.e.*, naturally) in the composition of formally and harmonically "advanced" music. At best, the result of attempting such a combination resembles an elaborately formal house filled with peasant furniture and decorated with peasant embroidery.

At the same time we must admit (and Mr. Stevens's book helps us to do so) that in his best work Bartok did achieve an original and consistent style which possesses international validity. In this he successfully avoided the amateurishness and provincialism that are the bane of so much British music. French, German and Russian composers have occasionally used folk tunes for special purposes (local colour, themes for variations, etc.), but none of them tried to base his style on a folk idiom. To the extent that he succeeded in doing just this, while at the same time keeping his intellect free to develop, suitably, its own formal and harmonic inventions, Bartok holds a unique position among the great composers.

Anyone who wishes to follow in detail the phases of Bartok's development, will do well to read Mr. Stevens; but they are warned that, despite a reasonable number of musical illustrations, the lengthy analyses of separate works are scarcely intelligible without the aid of scores. Moreover, although the author's sentences always mean something, his ideas are often very clumsily expressed:

> The textual ejaculations might easily have led to a mechanical series of sequences, particularly in the agitato section; but while the spirit is sequential, intervallic changes each time energise the impulse toward culmination.

That, I submit, is technical jargon at its worst. Such lapses are most frequent in the analytical pages: they serve to remind us how hard it is to write lucidly about music; but in fairness it must be added that even technical jargon is more useful than the subjective, impressionist type of criticism, which can never tell us how a piece of music is made, nor how a style evolves.

There is always something especially mysterious in the creative musical intellect, and Bartok is only one in a long list of composers who remain personally impenetrable. A clue to his unworldly, in some ways naive, but evidently not simple character is provided by a letter written as early as 1905 and quoted by Mr. Stevens in the biographical section of his book.

> Such anxious searching seems to be incompatible with calm resignation. Yet it is resignation I am striving for . . . We must attain to a level from which everything can be viewed with sober calmness, complete indifference.

Resignation is a state of mind seldom desired by or found in creative artists—nor is it to be seen in the striking photograph of Bartok in 1941, which serves as frontispiece to Mr. Stevens's volume. This shows a frank and resolute but somehow tragic face, with a bitter mouth and touchingly beautiful, steadfast eyes. Perusing these features, we divine the ardent perfectionist whose music betrays too great and too constant a tension—a quality as exhausting as its opposite (in composers like Pergolesi, Spohr and Delius) is enervating and insipid. In a monograph that is too uncritical and too ill-phrased (anyhow in the translation) to stand comparison with Mr. Stevens's more ambitious book, M. Moreux makes the point that the spirit of impressionism, which presided over his early music, never wholly deserted Bartok. From *En plein fleur* and *Bluebeard's Castle*, at one end of his career, to the elegiac slow movements of the quartets, of the Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta, and of the final concertos, this enigmatic but fascinating composer took leave, from time to time, of his bitter tension, to evoke a nocturnal world of innocent beauty.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE FORMS OF TRUTH

Myth and Ritual in Christianity. By ALAN W. WATTS. *Thames & Hudson.* 25*s.*

I was long ago struck by a little book by Professor Watts—*The Spirit of Zen*—and I was therefore not surprised to find in the present work an unusual gift for communicating difficult ideas simply with a minimum of distortion in the process. Professor Watts is writing for—shall we say—the intelligent Penguin-reading public, and I hope that this book will be read by both Christians and non-Christians, for it has much to say to both that may surprise them. In fact the author is merely applying a point of view that has become fairly widespread (it stems from Coomaraswami, Jung, and others) yet as he claims, this is the first book to be written on Christian mythology. It is both timely and excellently done.

Professor Watts examines the Christian myth in the context of that perennial philosophy of which it is one of the greatest statements. Some, especially Protestants, may question his definition of Christianity, which is admittedly arbitrary, but sensible. He is considering, not the teachings of Jesus in the Gospels, but that "Christianity" which is contained in the teachings and traditions of the Catholic Church both Roman and Eastern Orthodox. The word "myth," also, is used in a sense that is everywhere gaining acceptance, but with which some quarrel—"a complex of stories, historical or otherwise, which human beings regard as a demonstration of the inner meaning of the universe of human life". In this sense the symbolism of Christianity—above all as it stands behind the seasons of the Christian Year, of Advent, Christmas and Epiphany, the Passion, Easter, and Pentecost—has been felt by generations of Christians to exist outside time, as an eternal event, a paradigm against which man has moved through the recurring periods of the year, and of human life.

The writer does not attempt to expound Christian mythology in terms of official Church doctrine for three reasons: he thinks orthodoxy confuses its own position by trying to include within the myth dogmatic statements about the myth, or implying that the events described therein are historical or metaphysical facts, and that this myth is the only true myth; and he feels that in the present state of human knowledge it would be inexcusable provincialism for anyone to claim theological competence who is not well

FEBRUARY 22

DEVICES & DESIRES

E. Arnot Robertson

author of *Four Frightened People*, etc.

It is some years since we had a novel from E. Arnot Robertson. Now she more than compensates for the delay in so strange and exciting and in every way so distinguished a novel as *Devices and Desires*. 10s. 6d.

Recommended by the Book Society

EVENTIDE

Arthur F. Nickels

author of *They Wanted Wine*

An old naval pensioner looks back upon a childhood of more kicks than ha'pence and on a life at sea. His observations upon his past and present – and especially on a future that threatens his liberty – are salted with rough wisdom and sweetened by pure sympathy. 12s. 6d.

By the author of *And so — Victoria*

FANFARE FOR A WITCH

Vaughan Wilkins

'The clatter and clang of swords and hooves ring out as briskly as though they were just outside the window . . . It is with the greatest confidence that I recommend this outstandingly colourful, ingeniously contrived, compellingly readable addition to our small store of genuine historical romance.' *Morchard Bishop* in JOHN O' LONDON'S 12s. 6d.

INCOME
Redistribution
and
SOCIAL POLICY

A set of studies edited by Alan T. Peacock, *Reader in Public Finance, University of London*

Mr. Peacock has brought together some original studies of income redistribution and social policy in a number of important countries with differing economic structures. Much of the statistical data is being published for the first time and it should be of interest to economists and statisticians, as well as to those concerned more directly with the formation and execution of social policy. 25s.

All prices are net

JONATHAN CAPE

versed in traditions outside that of Christianity. His third, and most important, reason is that "the official doctrines betray a strange anxiety to *prove* the literal factuality of the myth as a basis for *belief*." "Theologians have resolutely confounded scientific fact with truth and reality," and Professor Watts is probably not far wrong in saying that this is "the tragedy of Christianity." In his most original chapter—that on God and Satan—he relates this error to another, even more fundamental—that is, the excessive Christian clinging to the temporal human personality as a real existent entity that will survive death and be resurrected, to continue eternally in its temporal body in the endless torments of a hell of unparalleled sadism, or in the scarcely less monstrous boredom of heaven. Since the "I" of human personality is but an abstraction from memory, it is, like history, a temporal concept. Thus "in spite of the vital power of its myth, Christianity began to die in the moment when theologians began to treat the divine story as history, when they mistook the story of God, of the Creation and the Fall, for a record of facts in the historical past." The irreconcilable conflict between an absolutely good God, and an entirely evil Devil, whose origin is outside God, Professor Watts likewise traces to this fallacious view of the Self. But a "good" ego is an inherent impossibility, since the righteous "I" has the same motivation as the sinful "me" both alike being attempts to save, to continue, myself, the illusory abstraction from memory. The human personality, as Christendom has conceived it, and tried to redeem it, has no real existence.

Yet, again and again, as Professor Watts shows by reference to the words of the Catholic liturgy, the myth speaks the eternal truth that theology fails to grasp. All the elements are there, in the story of the birth, life, death and resurrection of Christ, in the symbolism of the Virgin, in the stories of the Creation and the Apocalypse.

I laid down this book in sadness, realising once again what an overwhelming obstacle the Christian Church presents to the would-be Christian. We have to admit that a great religious system, with its rich cultural artefacts—Gothic architecture and sculpture, Gregorian chant, the frescos of Byzantium, the Latin words of the Litany in their context of the Christian year—is in its nature temporal and not eternal. It has its growth, flowering, and decline with the civilisation in which it is rooted. Moreover, a living sensibility must detect the new growing-point of history—whether we like it or not, and most of us do not—rather in Communism than in Christianity.

Perhaps there is more hope in turning to the Gospels. Jesus of Nazareth was not, after all, a Christian, and taught eternal truths without the means of mythology, rather as we find them in the *Tao Te Ching*. "Heaven and Earth shall pass away but my word shall not pass away" is a promise made not of any mythology, for such formulations of eternal truths are cultural, and therefore temporal, phenomena. Perhaps inordinate grief at the passing of a particular formulation, however glorious, is but another instance of the excessive importance attached by Christian thought to the historical and temporal, and not so much an expression of deep faith, as of its absence; for the eternal can never lose its power to express itself in new and living forms.

KATHLEEN RAINE

REPRINTING

★

THOMAS HARDY

Evelyn Hardy

'Done with an integrity and affection worthy of its subject'

SIR MAURICE BOWRA

'Miss Hardy's wise and scholarly study should enable many readers to return to Hardy's poetry and prose with revived interest and greater understanding'

SIR HAROLD NICOLSON

'It is lighted up by many happy flashes of intuitive insight into the nature of the poet, and the affinities of his work . . . a stimulating book'

RICHARD CHURCH

'Thoughtful, sympathetic and just . . . . Her industrious research has produced a book that is both delightful and wise'

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

Illustrated 25s net

THE HOGARTH PRESS

JOURNEY WITHOUT DESTINATION

The Golden Honeycomb. By VINCENT CRONIN. *Hart-Davis.* 16*s.*

The problem of creating unity for his book is the first one which confronts every writer, the novelist most, the biographer perhaps least. Somewhere in between comes the travel-writer. How much have the great travel-writers indulged in simply a series of unrelated rambles, goalless, with the land of the book's setting alone providing the theme? Kinglake hardly seems to bother about a theme—except perhaps for a vague interest in seeing the Holy Places. Gissing travels along the Ionian Sea and his goal, Reggio, might equally have been his place of departure. Feeling for the classical past alone gives unity to his book. Borrow peddles Bibles as the pretext for his amusing commentary on wayside Spain. Stevenson has a donkey. In our own times, Douglas loafs. Yet all these excellent travel writers seem, either by their personalities or their individual observation, to have given unity to their books—so that we can almost sum them up in one short sentence.

This was Mr. Cronin's problem in *The Golden Honeycomb*. Not yet possessing a strong enough personality—as these older, more experienced travellers had—he has had to search hard for his unity. Another young writer, also in search of unity, recently looked for blind white fish in Persia, and Mr. Cronin has given himself an equally fantastic quest—for a honeycomb, "fashioned by a man who lived before the Trojan War, about fourteen centuries before Christ." This is such a long time ago that a good deal of conjecture must clearly support his efforts. "Whether or not the honeycomb is discovered," he says disarmingly at the outset,

> the quest will prove rewarding in itself. It will involve the exploration of a complex country, ancient in descent, a treasure house of artistic and natural beauty; the sifting of many civilisations and the decyphering of many symbols; and like most journeys its course will doubtless prove as satisfying as arrival at the final destination. Sicily will be a prize no less precious than the golden honeycomb.

In short, he wants to talk to us about Sicily. And well he does it. His treasure-hunt reveals the treasures he is really interested in—not the honeycomb, whose artificiality becomes more and more tedious with its automatic reappearance at the end of almost every chapter. What he really wants to write about are the temple at Selinunte, the theatre at Taormina, Etna, Norman Palermo, Syracuse, the Arts; and so on (his chapter headings). We have heard of many of these before, and because Mr. Cronin does not feel he can commit his own personality in commenting on them, and relies instead on his extensive learning, we may feel occasionally we are back on the hard benches, listening to a classical don. We do not need, for instance, to be told at length that in a primitive society every man was a tiller of the soil; nor that civilisation cannot flourish where fear and hunger predominate. But Mr. Cronin writes so well that we are rarely bored. His descriptive prose is admirable. "Wisteria caught for an instant on a hot day both as scent and perceptible waves rebounding from a sun-lit wall spells happiness better than a library of dusty volumes on the subject." Such observations occur frequently enough to offset the prosy learning. But we would give much for the breath of dialogue; for the smell of human life, when he describes his picturesque carnival at Acireale; for a conversation with a peasant, or one of those Douglasian pictures of a frog in a well or a philosophical goat on a hillside—to transplant us suddenly from the fog of an English University, into the sun and the air of the south! The information he gives is encyclopaedic; we learn much; we love less. Instead of taking your Lemprière or Baedeker, take Cronin to Sicily. You will learn much of the island; but the golden honeycomb will remain the myth, the fantastical nothing he intended it to be.

But it is carping to compare a young writer's first book with the finest travel books in the language. And Mr. Cronin is such an admirable stylist, has such an infectious love of his subject, that we are with him for long periods on his Barmecide search. On Etna, for instance, he is most rewarding, telling us of its ascent by a remarkable English lady, Miss E. Lowe, who removed her petticoats one by one as she climbed the volcano on foot; and then wrote a book about it, with the tantalising title, *Unprotected Females in Sicily, Calabria and on the top of Etna*. Describing the Sicilian attitude to life he gives us this agreeable picture:

> To the Sicilian the journey is more important than the destination, and a journey without any destination is best of all, for then one can look out of the window . . . and continue talking regardless of time and space.

How well this applies to Mr. Cronin himself.

ANTHONY RHODES

HISTORICAL NOVELS

Thunder on St. Paul's Day. By JANE LANE. *Hale.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Rebel Heiress. By ROBERT NEILL. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Flaming Janet. By PAMELA HILL. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Fanfare for a Witch. By VAUGHAN WILKINS. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

What rights has history in the historical novel? Seeking to define them recently in his fourth Clark Lecture, Dr. Trevelyan hit on two great negative principles. "The novelist or playwright," he tells us, "ought not to falsify a historical character, more especially by denigration." (Count Tolstoy please note.) Also, he "ought not to alter any important and well-known historical fact in its broadest outlines." Schiller, who made Joan of Arc die of battle wounds, is the chief offender here, though Sir Walter Scott runs him close for bringing Shakespeare into *Kenilworth* at the time of Amy Robsart's death, several years before the poet was born. An incident like the Old Pretender's visit to England in the last chapters of *Esmond* is artistically permissible since "it is supposed to be a secret visit of which the world never knew."

The novelist who shirks historical facts and personalities and sticks to fictitious incidents is really no safer, for he still has to describe the social background of the period authentically. And as if this wasn't enough, there is the problem of dialogue. To tush or not to tush, prithee or not prithee? Though the historical novel may be a hybrid and impure branch of fiction, no impar-

tial reader can deny that it is the most complicated.

How, if we apply Dr. Trevelyan's strictures, do these four books fare? Miss Lane, an old hand at the game, towers head and shoulders above the rest. No sheltering behind fictitious incidents for her. She hurls her readers into a maelstrom at the dead centre of Restoration politics and keeps them breathlessly riding the storm for 250 pages.

In his account of the Popish Plot, Bishop Burnet relates how the accused, "in their defence, brought over sixteen persons from their house at St. Omer's who testified that Oates stayed among them all the while from December, 1677, to June, 1678." This is the central situation that Miss Lane is set on exploiting, and she succeeds admirably. The cruellest witch-hunt in English history takes on a new and horrible vividness in her re-telling. Reviewing Miss Lane's biography of Oates some years ago, Mr. Graham Greene wrote that "it is interesting sometimes to speculate on how our ideas of a period would be modified if one character or one episode were removed. A man like Titus Oates occurs like a slip of the tongue, disclosing the unconscious forces, the night side of an age. . . ." Miss Lane gives us the night side of 1678 with a vengeance. The rigged trials, the sharp-nosed politicians, the bloodthirsty "mobile" of beggars and apprentices, the priests racked with gaol-fever in Newgate, the horrors of Jack Ketch's drill-book—all this forms a nightmare pendant to Oates himself. He is not Miss Lane's main character this time, rather he is her book's mainspring; he straddles it like a colossus of evil, a slavering, snotty-nosed devil, walking at noonday.

Oates throws his spell of fear over England and his net closes round the Carrills, a Papist family living in Islington. There is Sir Mark the grandfather, a quixotic old cavalier who fought with Rupert at Chalgrove, and there is his daughter, a faint image of my Lady Castlewood. Both are good stock types out of the historical property basket and none the worse for that. There is the grand-daughter Lettice, a pretty gadabout, there is her honest suitor, Stephen, and her false beau, the rackety Lord Meddler. And these, again, are in the vein and as they should be. But in Charles, the young St. Omer scholar brought over to give evidence against Oates, Miss Lane has created a genuine character who transcends the run of stock sizes—a character drawn with freshness and originality, to be compared with the young girl Jule in Miss Macaulay's *They Were Defeated*. It is in Charles and in her general picture of the Plot that Miss Lane excels, but her whole book is an achievement of erudite imagination.

Mr. Neill does not aim at sounding any of Clio's deeper chords, and perhaps for that very reason his book strikes its own note of unpretentious authenticity. "Lord! Katey, what a ragged, starving crew we were," cries Miss Lane's Royalist, as he recalls his years of exile in a Bruges garret. Mr. Neill's heroes have also endured lean years over the water. The time is 1660 and the King has come into his own again. Back to reclaim their estates ride Sir Giles Orton, Bart., and his friend, Mr. Richard Carey. For the second things go smoothly enough, but the other's estate has been sold and not sequestered and cannot be re-possessed. Out of this legal injustice, and with the help of a highwayman, a sinister inn and a couple of lovely Puritans, Mr. Neill has contrived a very readable story. I imagine that more learning has gone into the making of his book than meets the reader's eye. The writer has an even sense of historical justice. He draws a moving contrast between the Laudian divine whose father was put out of his living by the Commonwealth, and the Presbyterian supplanter expelled twenty years later. The capacity to suffer for their form of worship was a quality that Calamy's ministers and Walker's suffering clergy shared in common, and Mr. Neill is emotionally aware of this. Like the author of *Woodstock*, he realises that these men are "united in the strife that divided them." This is not such an easy feat of the imagination as it sounds. And because Mr. Neill makes it, his book has a dignity and a dimension that lifts it out of the rung of ordinary swashbuckling fiction.

Miss Hill is more consciously an artist than Miss Lane or Mr. Neill. She aims higher than either, yet in doing so she sacrifices a great deal of the reader's "involvement" with her characters and period. The historical novel depends on validity, on carrying the reader into the heart of 1509 or 1660. A failure to do so cannot be made good by sensitivity, however refined. In this story of Janet Kennedy and her two lovers, the ill-fated James IV of Scotland and the Earl of Angus ("Bell-the-Cat"), Miss Hill seems far too self-conscious, too aware of her own exciting awareness, of the way in which she responds to her historical *donnée*. We are disturbingly conscious of the writer rather than her heroine.

Mr. Wilkins's Hanoverian extravaganza is outside the diocese of the historical conscience. He has tacked a fantasy about a Moorish Empress and her aide-de-camp on to the well-known hatred of George II and Queen Caroline for their eldest son, Frederick, Prince of Wales. It is a hatred we read of in Lord Hervey's Memoirs, and there is a shocking caricature of his Lordship in Mr. Wilkins's book. There is also a great deal of black magic and syllabubs. At its best *Fanfare for a Witch* recalls the novels of Caryl Brahms and the late S. J. Simon. But it has its moments of boredom.

JOHN RAYMOND

SHORTER REVIEWS

George Eliot. By ROBERT SPEAIGHT. *Barker.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Speaight's must have been a thankless job, thankless because of all Victorian novelists his subject has been the most exhaustively studied within recent years: George Eliot (the belief is now assiduously taught in our universities and schools) is, Dickens apart as the great entertainer of genius, the greatest of our nineteenth-century novelists, the one most repaying adult study. This is, indeed, revolution; but revolutions when successful breed their own orthodoxies, and where George Eliot is concerned Mr. Speaight is enthusiastically orthodox. If there is a need for a brief introduction to her life and work his little book, the latest to appear in The English Novelists Series, could hardly be bettered. He says nothing new, but he renders what are now received opinions, admirably; he maintains a just balance between biography and criticism; and his treatment of George Eliot's reluctant agnosticism is sympathetic.

For anyone who still retains the old view of George Eliot as a forerunner of Meredith and Hardy, which is roughly that expressed in Lord David Cecil's *Early Victorian Novelists*, now twenty years old, Mr. Speaight's book will come as a revelation; while it may well save the more indolent undergraduates in the Cambridge English School the trouble of reading the relevant chapters in *The Great Tradition*. It contains only one surprise, that it does not mention, either in the text or in the bibliography, Mrs. Joan Bennett's study, which is still the best book on George Eliot's mind and art.

Amazon Headhunters. By LEWIS COTLOW. *Hale.* 18*s.*

More about Indians—not very well written, but what does that matter? Mr. Cotlow, a New York insurance broker, tells the story of his travels in South America, especially in the land of the Jivaro Indians. He travels, he says, to meet all kinds of people who do all kinds of things; and one such thing is headhunting. He ends up by understanding what it's all about: "I had learnt how a man felt when he cut off another man's head, shrank it to the size of his fist, and danced around it. In a way I had done all those things myself, through my Jivaro friends." And though he is not an anthropologist, he records many interesting things, chief among which is his triumph in getting four mutually hostile *jivarias* to bury the lance in order that he could film them all celebrating the victory dance.

He meets Utitiaja, who at that time had taken

BLACK ARGOSY

MERCEDES MACKAY

'An unvarnished, workmanlike and most interesting account of the life led by London's very considerable negro population at the present time. It is done without false sentiment, by a writer who really knows her subject . . . Mrs. Mackay is extremely fairminded and presents both sides of the case without comment. The implied comment is, however, considerable, and I should say that the book is an important contribution to the study of a social question which cannot for ever be left to look after itself. I strongly recommend it to all who are concerned with the great problem of colour.'

MORCHARD BISHOP in *John o' London*.

Large Cr. 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*

WHITE PEOPLE SMILE AT ME

CHRISTINE GARNIER

'Thrown new light on the colour problem.' *Birmingham Mail.*

'Her story becomes murderous with moonlit spells and jungle poetry.' *Time & Tide.*

Large Cr. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

PUTNAM

University Correspondence College

Founder: WM. BRIGGS, LL.D., D.C.L., M.A., B.SC.
Principal: CECIL BRIGGS, M.A., M.C.

Courses of Study

U.C.C. prepares students for London University Degrees (*obtainable without residence*) in Arts, Science, Economics, Laws, Music, Divinity; General Certificate of Education (Ord. and Adv.) London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, etc., A.C.P., L.C.P., and other Teachers' Diplomas, Professional Prelim. exams., Civil Service, Local Government. The College, founded 1887, is an Educational Trust, and has a staff of highly qualified Tutors. Moderate fees; instalments.

★ Write for FREE PROSPECTUS to Registrar,
70 Burlington House, Cambridge

JUST PUBLISHED

The SCIENCE READER'S COMPANION

The constant and ever increasing use of scientific words and terms is daily becoming more evident, and the average person to-day is not indifferent to the role science is playing in his life. He is displaying a lively and deeply concerned interest and is keen to understand the far-reaching changes which the advances of science are producing. A measure of this is the flood of "popular science" books and the rise of "science fiction." It is the purpose of this companion to aid the reader of these books by giving clear and explicit descriptions of words likely to be encountered.

FROM YOUR BOOKSELLER 15/-

WARD LOCK

WRITE TO WARD LOCK DEPT. (N.) PRETORIA RD. LONDON, N. 18 FOR INFORMATIVE ILLUSTRATED LEAFLET

This week in

The Listener

After the Failure in Berlin
MICHAEL CURTIS

The Strange Case of Mr. Djilas
GUY HADLEY

The Revolution in Strategy:
The Case for a New Locarno
SIR JOHN SLESSOR

Kant: Philosopher of Enlightenment
KARL R. POPPER

The Evolution of Oceans
MAURICE N. HILL

The Way to God through Science
C. A. COULSON

Tug-of-war with the Sixth Grade
ISOBEL MACDONALD

And other recent broadcast talks

A BBC Publication
EVERY THURSDAY 3d.

★ ★

毛澤東

MAO TSE TUNG

A Single Spark Can Start A Prairie Fire

This famous letter, written by the Communist leader to a pessimistic comrade, is now available in English in pamphlet form, price 3d.

It is one of the many important works of Mao Tse Tung and other Chinese leaders which can now be ordered from your bookseller, or direct from the Distributors, who will be pleased to send you a full list of Chinese books and magazines now available in the English language. Write to

COLLET'S BOOKSHOPS
45, Museum Street, London, W.C.1.

fifty-eight heads; he becomes fast friends with a charming old chief called Peruche who, when Mr. Cotlow gets dysentery, goes to bring a witch-doctor back from a neighbouring village, and on returning is bitten by a snake and dies. He visits the Colorado Indians who paint him bright red, he sees the contagiously happy Calapalo Indians and rubs noses with them, he photographs the albinos among the San Blas Indians, and makes the Bororo Indians sing and dance for his camera. And then, of course, there are the piranha to be described, and the insinuating little canero fish which is quite as unpleasant in a different way. Mr. Cotlow is a little serious sometimes, but we can be sure he enjoyed himself.

William Roscoe of Liverpool 1753-1831. Edited by GEORGE CHANDLER. *Batsford.* 25*s.*

This handsome volume has been sponsored by the Liverpool City Council as a pious tribute to the memory of one of the city's most distinguished citizens. The fruits of such a municipal enterprise are, as one might expect, somewhat miscellaneous. A long and enthusiastic introduction to Roscoe as a poet and historian, as a patron of the arts, as a liberal, as a humanitarian, as a botanist and as a loyal son of Liverpool, contributed by Sir Alfred Shennan, is followed by a complete life history of the versatile man by Dr. George Chandler, the City Librarian, who has also compiled a careful bibliography and iconography. The remaining two-thirds of the book are devoted to reprinting every poem that the most diligent research can attribute to Roscoe's authorship.

The provincial worthy who has attracted such veneration seems almost too good to be true. (If Roscoe had a fault Liverpool City Council is not prepared to find it.) Without any influence except his own ability he rose from the humble station of a gardener's boy to the height of success as a lawyer and banker. When his riches accumulated he spent them lavishly on books and pictures and in encouraging the arts and sciences. In his humanitarian views he was far in advance of his age: he opposed the Slave Trade on which Liverpool's prosperity was based, favoured Catholic Emancipation although a staunch Unitarian, tried to improve the lot of chimney sweeps many years before Lord Shaftesbury, and advocated prison reform. When adversity befell him in old age and he was made bankrupt, he never repined and continued with his good works and writing poems in perfect equanimity. Commerce may be the life-blood of Liverpool. But the very fact that his native city is prepared to commemorate the bicentenary of Roscoe's birth in such lavish style proves that his benign influence there in favour of the less sordid values of the arts is still at work.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,252

Set by Naomi Lewis

Prizes are offered for a self-epitaph by (and prepared during the lifetime of) one of the following: Chaucer, Boswell, Marvell, Ruskin, Proust, Jane Austen, The Duke of Wellington, Doctor Bowdler, Defoe, Aubrey, Hardy, Charlotte Brontë, Mr. Gladstone. Limit: 6 lines of verse or 50 words of prose. Entries by March 2.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,249

Set by Allan O. Waith

An apocryphal Treasury "Organisation and Methods" report on a symphony concert begins: "For considerable periods the four oboe players had nothing to do. The numbers should be reduced and the work spread more evenly over the whole concert, thus eliminating peaks of activity. . . . No useful purpose is served by repeating on the horns a passage which has already been handled by the strings." Competitors are asked for 200 words of a similarly detached efficiency report on any of the following: a House of Commons debate, a cricket match, a university education, a daily newspaper, a Lord Mayor's Banquet, a fox-hunt.

Report by Allan O. Waith

To minimise the wastage of competitor- and judge-hours, and to maximise the spread-over of awards, it is recommended that competitors be grouped in four sections according to the London Telephone Directory, the A-D's competing in the first week of each month . . . but, thank heavens, Organisation and Methods has not yet turned its cold eye on Great Turnstile and, as before, prizewinners will continue to be chosen by holding the entrails of a dead cat over the entry.

Cricket, of course, offered far the widest field to our efficiency experts: nothing about it that doesn't cry out for reform! Crowd co-operation could remove the need for fieldsmen altogether; alternatively, the present random thousands could be replaced by a "small working crowd of thirty." Instead of the cumbrous change-round of the field, batsmen could change ends. The pavilion could be furnished with oakum and unassembled mail-bags for unemployed batsmen. As for the umpire! "One umpire standing at a very fine silly mid-on with an attachable rear mirror would be able to deal adequately with the work now carried on by the two observers" (advocated Peter A. Connell). J. L. Garrett proposed to replace them by a collapsible hat-rack; while R. M. Lang with beautiful simplicity suggested employment of completely trustworthy teams (D. R. Peddy preferred "a show of hands among the workers").

Fox-hunting drew one impressive entry on form WtY42289/10362/51 Code 5-33-0 insisting that "these working parties be wound up and their functions transferred to the Rodent Operative"; and J. P. Stevenson pointed out that 17½ couple War Department Foxhounds only killed 21½ brace of foxes, last season "giving an f.p.h. index of 1.23." Suggestions for rationalising the House of Commons debate were on the crude side: pre-recording of speeches and of votes were the commonest notions, but I liked Jack Brown's rider that "members who have established reputations for comedy acts might well be retired, as their speeches attract members from important work of answering constituents' letters and meeting press." Two guineas each to Pat Bullen and Eric Swainson, one guinea each to Lakon and J. R. Till. Honourable mention to those quoted above and to R. M. Anthony, D. W. Barker, Edward Blishen, G. J. Blundell, D. L. L. Clarke, H. A. C. Evans, Frank Pavry, Erica Scott, and Jonathan Staggers.

HOUSE OF COMMONS DEBATE

Most of the debating time was monopolised by five men, though hundreds were present. The subject itself—Is Gibraltar Really Necessary?—was described as piddling by 75 per cent. of people questioned in a public opinion poll (the other 25 per cent. didn't know), which partly explains the total absence from the House of many Members. It was not possible to ascertain how absent Members were utilising their time (a further report will deal with this) but of those present at least one hundred were sleeping, fifty doing crossword puzzles or otherwise doodling, the remainder winding and adjusting their watches. The fact that this subject was to be debated in the Lords the following week gave grounds for even graver concern. Most of the Members could be put to really useful work after a period of simple training, and the recommendation is made that aptitude tests be instituted at once. It is also suggested that while this training is taking place the more vocal Members who can be relied upon to debate every stray subject that crops up be moved to some other and smaller building, preferably in the provinces, where their activity will assume its correct perspective in the life of the nation. PAT BULLEN

CRICKET MATCH

The committee find that a field of eleven men with two umpires far exceeds the economical maximum. A more careful use of existing equipment, together with an acceptance of certain innovations, may well revolutionise the usefulness of the game.

The committee therefore recommends the following procedural amendments:

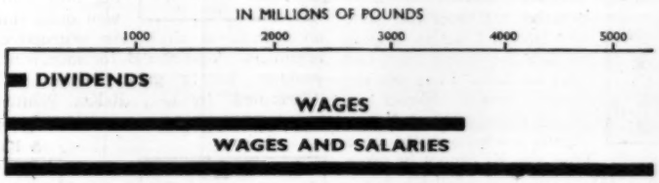
(i) Replacement of umpires by portable clothes-stands.
(ii) Replacement of wicket-keepers by sight-screens.
(iii) Replacement of several outfielders by one on a motor-scooter.

Company Meeting

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED

FACTS ABOUT DIVIDENDS AND WAGES

Lord Balfour of Burleigh's Statement



The Annual General Meeting of Lloyds Bank Limited was held on the 12th February, 1954 at the Head Office, 71 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

The Right Hon. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, D.C.L., D.L., the Chairman, presided.

With the concurrence of the members present the Report and Accounts and the Statement by the Chairman, all of which had been previously circulated, were taken as read.

In moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts the Chairman said:

"As I notice a tendency in some quarters to make the small increase in dividends recommended by some bank boards, including our own, an excuse for still further pressing wage claims, I want as an addendum to my statement already in your hands to try to bring into proper perspective the relative importance of wages and dividends in relation to inflationary pressure.

The additional dividends declared for 1953 by the clearing and other banks were considerably less than £1 million gross: to be precise £853,000. In the calendar year 1953 wage increases amounted to £125 millions. And remember that the present series of increases in bank dividends are the first changes since the drastic reductions of more than twenty years ago, whereas the £125 millions of wage increases are simply the continuance of a process that has been going on since 1939.

Our present dividend of 14 per cent. nominal actually represents a smaller money payment to a holder liable to tax at the standard rate than the 12 per cent. dividend paid in 1938. In 1938 a holder of 100 "A" shares received £12 less tax at 5s. 6d., i.e., £8 14s. To-day he receives £14 less tax at 9s., i.e., £7 14s. So he is down £1 even in money terms, and the real purchasing power of his present dividend is only two-fifths that of the 1938 dividend. The yield on an investment in our shares, with the 14 per cent. dividend, at a price of 60s. is 4⅔ per cent., or in actual cash after deduction of tax at 9s. just over 2⅓ per cent.

WAGE INFLATION

May I now put the relationship of wages and dividends in a wider setting? What we are concerned with is the weight of money as spending power in causing inflation, and the facts can surely leave no doubt that any contribution of higher dividends is quite negligible compared with that of wages and salaries.

The amount of money received as wages in 1952 was £5,460 millions, and in wages and salaries taken together £8,215 millions, compared with £472 millions in ordinary dividends. This means that in 1952 dividends on all ordinary shares were something less than 50 per cent. higher than in 1938; on the other hand, salary incomes were about two and a half times as great as in 1938 and wages had more than trebled. In actual money, the increase since 1938 in wages alone was nearly twenty-five times as great as the increase in ordinary dividends. The increase in wages and salaries taken together was thirty-five times as great. (*See Diagram above.*)

It is also a fact that industrial production in 1952 was no higher than in 1950, yet during those two years wage incomes in the relevant industries increased by £542 millions and salaries, by £153 millions. To adapt a familiar advertisement: that's inflation, that is.

And while I am unlikely to be asked in this company what service the ordinary shareholder performs in return for his dividend, it is perhaps worth reminding ourselves that he is the source of the life-blood of industry, the risk capital without which labour could not have been set to work in the first instance. And without a constant supply of fresh risk capital, industry cannot work properly or continue to provide full employment. Moreover, of the millions of equity shareholders a large proportion are people of quite small incomes. The average individual holding of the 60,000 shareholders in our bank is in the "A" shares 248 and in the "B" stock £56.

What seems to me so regrettable is that attempts are being made in certain quarters to engender class bitterness by statements about wages and dividends which represent the dividend receiver as a profiteer, whereas in sober fact it is the wage earner who has been the real beneficiary of the inflationary process.

The *Daily Herald* has in fact taken pride in pointing out in its advertising that the real purchasing power of wage earners in 1952 was about one-third higher than before the war. And that is true even after payment of taxes and before making allowance for social security benefits. I think it is undeniable that this change has been brought about largely at the expense of other, and not only the wealthier, sections of the population.

We British are a magnanimous lot and no one, I believe, grudges the redistribution brought about by progressive taxation and designed expressly to help the poorest. But superimposed upon this process there is continuing a further redistribution due purely to inflation and benefiting all wage earners as such, regardless of the scale of their earnings.

The wage earner is at heart as magnanimous as anyone else, and I believe that if these facts could be brought home to him he would hesitate before pressing a claim to a still larger share of the national income. For that is what is involved by any increase in wages without a corresponding increase in productivity; for example, if wages are raised to meet every rise in the cost of living—itself often engendered by increased wages—other sections of the population have to meet the bill.

UNEMPLOYMENT DANGER

It is I think beyond doubt that if the wage earners exert their full power they can under present conditions, and in the short run, secure for themselves a still greater share of the national cake. In the light of the facts and figures I have just given you that would not seem to be a generous course, but in suggesting to the wage earner that it would be unwise, I am thinking less of magnanimity than of his own self interest. For it is the stark truth that in our present economic position higher costs will, in a period quite short in terms of years, price us out of our export markets to an extent which, in my opinion at least, will create grave unemployment in this country—unemployment which no attempt to whip up internal purchasing power by cheap money or other expedients of the kind could conjure away.

What a wonderful thing it would be if we could wake up one morning to find each pound buying more; cost of living falling; real wages rising automatically. Yet this miracle could be brought about simply by higher productivity without higher costs. No one has more to contribute to, or more to gain by, that process than the earner of weekly wages. Moreover, he can nowadays rely with certainty on his bargaining power to secure for himself his full share of any increase in the national cake. My point is that—as things are now—he cannot safely take more until there is firmly and solidly a larger cake to divide, and a stable pound in which to draw his weekly wage.

It is a simple recipe; could we not try it?"

The Report and Accounts were adopted and the other ordinary business transacted.

Votes of thanks were passed to the Chairman and Directors and to the staff.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE

No. 2

ON SALE NOW

'This is the literary magazine for which we have been waiting'

TIME AND TIDE

From the Contents:

JOYCE CARY
Spring Song

MARGARET LANE
Sweet Cherub

WILLIAM SANSOM
on Ivan Bunin

ROSAMOND LEHMANN
on George Eliot

POEMS
by George Barker, Charles Causley, Vernon Watkins and others

IAN GREENLEES
Letter from Rome

2s 6d

(iv) Replacement of several infielders by one equipped with a large lepidopterist's net.

(v) Replacement of the spectators by TV cameras.

The committee believe that even economies could be effected by clubs using one wicket only, but as a minority of members expressed the opinion that traditionalists would be unlikely to accept such a procedure, the Committee has decided not to press the recommendation.

ERIC SWAINSON

Although in some respects a satisfactory cross-section of the nation's resources in the field of recreational productivity, personnel were seldom guiltless of some irregularity in play conduct for more than a few minutes. At peak periods the sprinting was excellent; but, every now and then, padded personnel would merely saunter back to the crease, or even proceed at a pedestrian pace, as though carrying out some pre-designed Go Slow programme. Our suspicions were confirmed when a new ball, coloured bright red, was exchanged for one of a dull innocuous hue.

On the whole, the farther away from the wicket, the greater the redundancy of the hands, some of whom seemed to be most gainfully employed when executing a kind of mock play-therapy among themselves after a rival practitioner had been dismissed. The least idle members of the productivity team appeared to be the two pensioners in white overalls. It is suggested that, for the benefit of personnel who find long periods of inactivity tedious, there should be special sessions of "Music while you Play," beginning with Greensleeves and any output-raising scherzo.

J. R. TILL

A FOX-HUNT

. . . These objectives are (a) vulpicide, (b) exercise, and (c) social activity. A separate report has been made on the use of small arms, gas warfare methods and bacteriological elimination regarding (a) and another on mechanical and psychological methods of achieving (b). The social activities need rationalisation. . . .

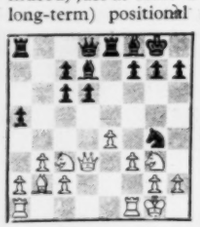
The Meet, convened normally at an early hour on a week-day, involves members in an overnight stay and the use of private transport (bicycles and horses!) Transference to an urban area, suitably zoned, and Saturday afternoons is recommended. Spectators should be protected by railed enclosures and provided with a broadcast (scripted) commentary. Involvement of horses, hounds and traditional dress is, unfortunately, necessary. Equine economies might be effected by hirings from circuses, supplemented by motor-cycles for new members. A multiplicity of hounds is dangerous and unhygienic. Kept on leads and restricted to one per member, multi-purpose (dogs, watch or sheep) animals might be employed. Conventional safety bowlers should be worn by all members. A detachable brim and interchangeable peak model exists for Hunt Officers. Surplus army blankets (hospital red) should be re-activated to supplement "pinks," in short supply. . . .

LAKON

CHESS : In Praise of Swindling

No. 229

However lofty our ethical standards may be in real life, most of us will not be above a little swindle on the chessboard, and if only we can get and grasp the chance we will feel elated rather than ashamed; indeed, just as there is such a thing as a legitimate (if long-term) positional sacrifice, just so whenever a positionally sound continuation would seem to spell ultimate disaster a good tactician will steer the game into troubled waters, hoping to fish for some nice and juicy swindle. Thus (playing Black against Napier at Monte Carlo, 1902), J. Mason rightly saw his only chance in an unsound sacrifice. True, the Kt cannot be taken at once; yet it will stay jeopardised. But let us see.



(14)		Kt x P!?
(15)	R-B2	P-Q4?!
(16)	P x P? (Q-Q4!)	B-QB4
(17)	QKt-K4	B x R ch
(18)	K x B	Q-R5
(19)	Q-Q4	P-B3

Here Napier should have played R-KR1, with the horrible threat of R x Kt, followed by Kt x P ch; but he underrated the possibilities of his opponent's swindle "coming true."

(20)	Kt-B5?	B-Kt5!	(25) K-Q3	B-B4 ch
(21)	R-R1	R-K7 ch!!?	(26) Kt-K4	B x Kt ch
(22)	K x R	Q x Kt	(27) P x B	Q-Kt6 ch
(23)	R x Kt?	R-K1 ch!	(28) K-B4	Q x R
(24)	K-Q2	Q-K8 ch!	(29) P x P	Q x P

and Napier soon resigned; he must have been flustered ("swindled" indeed) when giving up the exchange; he could have retained winning chances even then by (23) Q-B2.

Here—Auer-Prameshuber, Austrian Championship 1953 we can see the warning example of a more recent swindle, reported by *Deutsche Schachzeitung*. White played (1) P-KR3, aiming to continue Q-B1 ch and P-KKt4 after the retreat of the Kt. But alas, the good Kt did not retreat, and what happened was (1) . . . R-Q8 ch, (2) K-Kt2, Kt-K6 ch!, (3) P x Kt, R-QR8!, (4) P-QR4?, Q x KP, (5) P-KR4, R-KKt8 ch, (6) K-R3, Q-Kt6 mate. All this could have been easily stopped by (1) KR-Q8; but even while the swindle was brewing White could save himself by (4) K-B3; his second blunder P-QR4 is one of those typically demoralised moves we are prone to while under the shock-effect of a swindle.

A: S. Flohr, 1952

Conversely it may well happen that we miss the chance of an honest and simple combination, as sound as gold; it may even happen to grandmasters. **A**—Flohr-Petrosjan, 19th U.S.S.R. Championship—is a game-position ultimately drawn; but how could White have won quite simply (and with no swindle at all)? An instructive 4-pointer for beginners. 6-pointer **B**, for once, is neither study nor problem but a game-position in which Black "swindled" by (1) . . . R-K6. White could still have

B: A. R. Krogius 1932

C: Herbstmann & Korolkov 1946

saved himself by (2) B-B6 (allowing a draw), but he played (2) P-Kt7, hoping for a win. How was he punished? **C**—White to draw—is a very ingenious study, probably underrated with 7 ladder-points.

Usual prizes. Entries by March 1.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set January 30

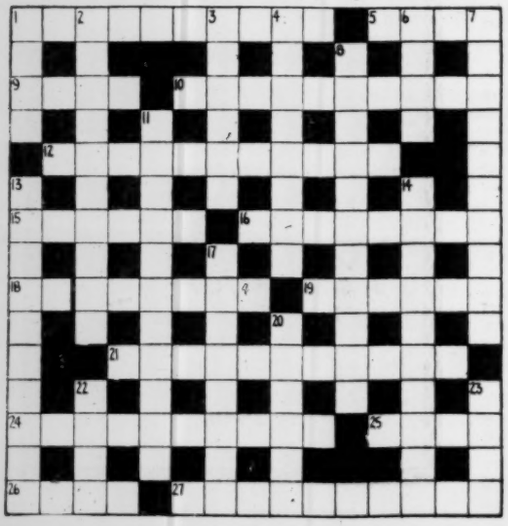
A: (1) P-B6, B x R, (2) R-Kt8 ch, K x R, (3) Q x B ch, etc.
If (1) . . . Q x BP, (2) Q-Kt4 ch, etc.
B: (1) R-R2 ch, K-Kt4, (2) R-Kt2 ch, Kt-Kt6! (3) R x Kt ch, K-R5, (4) R-Kt8! Q-Kt6 ch, (5) K-B7! Q-K4, (6) R-R1 ch, etc.
C: (1) Kt-Q3, B-Kt8, (2) P-R6! Kt x P, (3) B-R5 ch, K-B7, (4) B x Kt, K x Kt, (5) K-Kt3! B-B7 ch, (6) K-Kt4, etc.

Quite a few failed to plumb the full depth of **C**. Even so, a good many correct solutions. Prizes shared by E. Allan, W. H. L. Brooking, D. E. Cohen, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 88

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 88, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on March 2



ACROSS

1. Produce according to a fixed pattern and see pottery spoilt (10).
5. Author who is the first to be sold? (4).
9. Member of a chosen race, by the sound of it (4).
10. German socialist beginning to fight (10).
12. Food disappears; it is the insects (11).
15. "It —— my hair, it fanned my cheek Like a meadow-gale of spring" (Coleridge) (6).
16. Briefly obliterate the conscious state (8).
18. Bull about marriage——to avoid repenting at leisure? (2, 6).
19. There is a trunk across the middle of the road (6).
21. Brave like Cleon (11).
24. Build battlements, or be responsible for a production with a king's friend in it (10).
25. The climax is an animal kiss (4).
26. Name for ducks (4).
27. Puzzles for 17? (10).

DOWN

1. Soft food for the dog (4).
2. Torture, but it discovers one exact cure (10).
3. Inebriates always begin to perspire (6).
4. It never meets its fellow (8).
6. Ancient Woolworth motto (4).
7. Cuts across to bury differences of opinion (10).
8. The sex elements in criminals (11).
11. As trains go it is up-to-date, and one may get a meal in the diner under the street (11).
13. I look after the money; it is an order (10).
14. Preserve preserver (10).
17. Argumentative scholar? (8).
20. To be sure the secret is hidden (6).
22. It is dangerous to do this to a cat (4).
23. The teams follow a centre line (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 86

C	A	B	I	N	E	T		M	A	H	A	T	M	A
L		O		E		I		A		A		R		I
O	P	I	N	E		P	A	R	T	Y	W	A	L	L
S		L		D				S		W		M		A
E	L	E	G	I	A	C		H	A	I	R	P	I	N
U		R		N		L		M		R				T
P	O	M	E	G	R	A	N	A	T	E		M	A	O
		A				S		L				U		
G	I	N		M	I	D	D	L	E	M	A	R	C	H
O				E		E		O		O		D		E
S	T	R	I	N	G	S		W	O	O	M	E	R	A
P		A		T		T				R		R		V
O	U	T	L	I	N	I	N	G		I	R	E	N	E
R		I		O		N		A		N		R		N
T	R	O	U	N	C	E		D	I	G	E	S	T	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 86

N. Doncaster (Allerton Bywater), J. Evans-Williams (Hemel Hempstead), L. Bate (Cambridge).

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrgd.

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furnished service room with breakfast and dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. Park 6280.

LONDON, W.1, close Oxford Circus & B.B.C. Mod. furn. bed-sit. room, 70s. p.w. incl. light, heating, service, use kit. & bath. Suit young prof. man—please tel. MUS. 7129 mornings or 6-7 p.m. only.

COMF. spacious B/S rm., N.W.3. In lady's quiet flat, nr. Tube, use good kit., etc. (No tel. yet.) Single lady, £2 5s. Tel. for appointment PRI. 1215 or write Box 5721.

COMFORTABLE Residential Club, Hampstead, students, young business people; television, dances, etc.; partial board; sharing from 47s. 6d., 70s. singles. Application forms, 13 Belsize Avenue, London, N.W.3.

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3*gns.* wk. Dble. 5*gns.* inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Restnt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

VERY comfortable, very quiet, 3-roomed flat, own toilet & meters. Everything found; first letting; suit professional person. 3½*gns.* inc. C.H.W. Box 5846.

WELL-furn. b/sit. r. in journalist's flat. HAM. 0793 after 9 p.m. & week-ends.

ATTRACTIVE furn. single room, running water and ckg. facils. 2*gns.* p.w. Nr. bus & tube. Refs. reqd. 'Phone TUDor 9073.

TO let: very well furnished sgle. bed-sitting room, new house, constant hot water, linen, service. 'Phone HAM. 8698.

SMALL furnished flat, Hampstead Heath, large room, use of kitchen, bathroom, exchange for care of two children, 6 years, 2½ years. 4 p.m.-6 p.m. Monday-Friday. Payment extra for school holidays. Box 5772.

COMF. B/S rm., priv. flat. 75s. incl. C.H.W., C.H. Use k. & b. E.L. Prof./bus. person only. Refs. BAY. 1533 aft. 5.

HAMPSTEAD, single completely furn. flatlet, built-in kitchenette, electric heating, gas cooking, Ascot heater. 50s. No colour prejudice. HOL. 6237.

ARTISTIC yng. couple offer dvn. rm. lovely R'side Hse. All con. RIC. 1386.

COMF. bed-sitt. rms. Suit bus. lady. Priv. flat. £2. Maida Vale. CUN. 7586.

PLEASANT quiet bed-sit. in comfortable flat. Use bath. kit Suit business woman. S.W.15 district. Box 5789.

FURN. bed-sit. rm. Hot w., el. l., & bath incl. 35s. Own gas met. Breakf. opt. 85 Parl. Hill Mans., Lissenden Gdns., N.W.5.

FURNISHED Bed-Sitting Room to let, 25s. p.w. S.E.22. Box 5773.

COUNTY Galway. Unconventional holiday; part-furn. house to let. Own grounds to sea. Near Renvyle: 5*gns.* wkly. Box 5794.

SELF-contd. furn. flat, 1st & 2nd floors, 4 rooms, bath, kit., tel. 6½*gns.* p.w. Nr. Chalk Farm Tube. PRI. 6742.

HAMPSTEAD. Girl offers share flat, 47s. 6d. incl. p.w. Box 5779.

LARGE sunny divan room in business girl's flat, use kit. Queen's Gate. £2 17s. 6d. WES. 1388.

BED-SITTING room (single) with separate kitchen, share bathroom, 'phone. Muswell Hill. £2 5s. weekly. Box 5744.

SMALL furn. div.-rm., 4 min. Highgate Tube. Small ckr. 30s. p.w. Box 5731.

NEWLY furnished & decorated double & single one-room flatlet, all conveniences. Central Tube, buses. WIL. 0539, evgs.

HAMPSTEAD. Large divan room in prof. woman's flat. Use kit. and bathrm. 2½*gns.* Ring before 9 a.m. or after 7 p.m., PRI. 1595.

CENTRALLY heated bed-sit. room, Chiswick. Newly furn. in lovely house. H. & C., double gas-ring, all concealed. Linen & crockery. Single person only. £2 10s. p.w. Tel. after 6, CHIswick 2122.

FRIENDLY divan-room. Garden. Use kit. Excellent domestic service. Professional household. Refs. exch. About middle March. £2 2s. incl. N.W.8. Box 5660.

GOLDERS Green. Newly furn. double B/S room and kit.-dinette. STA. 6291.

ATTRAC. B/sit./rm. suit bus. lady, all convens. 1 min. buses. HEN. 6652.

COMFORTABLE furn. bed-sitting-room to let in pleasant house, 5 mins. Golders Green Stn. Gas fire and ring, use bathroom and 'phone. 10 Templars Ave., N.W.11.

BED-sit. rm. furn., elec. & bath incl. Own meter gas cook & heat. Stud./prof. person pref. 20 mins. Baker St. ARN. 6571.

YOUNG writer offers another small furnished living-hut; picturesque spot near Dublin. Box 5473.

LOCH Sunart, Ardnamurchan, 3-roomed holiday cottage, Calor gas, Elsan. From 3½*gns.* p.w. Thompson, Beech Bank, Pool-in-Wharfedale, Yorks.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

CORNWALL. Picturesque, thatched cottage avail. until May, remote fishing village. Comf. furnishings, electric cooking. Small garden. Sleep 3. 35s. p.w. Arthur, Ship-Cottage, Cadgwith, Helston.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. De luxe furn. cottage, central. Sleeps 7 and baby. From May 1. 2 wks. min. Not avail. Aug. Box 5560.

TO let in Anglesey: charming unfurnished Tudor house. 5 beds., 2 sit., sun-parlour, kitchens, own water. 1 acre gardens, 3 fields of 15 acres. Might suit young couple fond of hard work, interested in building up a farm and running small guest house. Apply Miss Williams-Mason, Dovecotes, Dunnings Rd., East Grinstead, Sussex.

FOR Exchange: Unfurn. ground floor flat, 2 large rooms, kit., bathrm., St. John's Wood, v. low rent, offered in exch. for 4-room flat by writer, wife, child. MAI. 9288.

B.A. Oxon. Med. student shs. acc. from April. nearest Thomas Hosp. Box 5651.

UNFURN./furn. flat, two rooms, bathroom and kit., use of telephone, easy reach of W.1, wanted by prof. woman. Box 5712.

REQD. late summer unfurn. 4-5 rm. flat. Mod. blk. C.H., C.H.W. N.W. area. Rent & F.P. paid in adv. if rqd. Box 5742.

YOUNG Indian architect requires pleasant furnished accommodation with heat, light, linen. References. Box 5728.

BARRISTER'S daughter, aged 19, reading for the Bar, wishes to stay as paying guest with London Jewish family. Box 5733.

WILLINGLY decorate. Yng. f. architect wants un./pt.-furn. flat. Box 5734.

GRADUATE, woman, seeks semi- or unfurnished s./c. flat, 3/4 rooms, Hampstead, Chelsea, Kensington. Exchange refs. Long lease to £230 p.a. Box 5551.

BAR Student, tormented neighbouring wirelesses, shs. quiet bed/sit. rm. London. Brkfst., serv. pref'd., but unessent. Box 5538.

WANTED, small unfurn./part-furn. flat S.W./W. district. Prepared occasional babysit. Box 5114.

AMERICAN writer, wife. 2 children 4 & 6 years old, req. for period over 1 year from Feb., 1954, accom., pref. in private home (2 bedrms., bath, some sort of sitting rm., with meals), Hampstead if possible or within 40 mins. trav. Cen. Lond. Box 4702.

REASONABLE sum for s/c flat, pref. garage, for young professional couple. Near central London. PRI. 6620.

MUSICIAN (composer, lecturer), own piano, urgently requires single room acc.; Central preferred. Box 5811.

ARMY officer, wife & child req. immed. furn. flat for approx. 6 mths. Pref. Hampstead district. Tel. Bowes Park 3620.

AUSTRALIAN Socialist couple, man Cambridge graduate, 2 quiet children, seek unfurn. flat or half-house for 12-18 months. Willing decorate, alter, or help garden. Could pay 6 months advance rent. Box 5095.

SWEDISH painter, wife & child, desire rent furn. house nr. sea & town, pref. Cornwall, as fr. April, 4 mths. or longer, essent. mod. cons. incl. bathrm., h. & c. & gd. kit., studio facils. O. Carlström, 10 Plaza de San Miguel, Torremolinos, Malaga, Spain.

WANTED urgently in Selly Oak, Birmingham, unfurnished flat, rooms, part house, for mother and child. France. 10 Little Youngs, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

DORSET-Devon coast. Adult prof. family wants hse./cottage July/Aug. Box 5679.

SCHOOLS

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent, Co-educational, 5-18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm T.T. herd. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karis Guinness (Dalcroze), R. G. H. Job, B.Sc.

THE Moorland School, Clitheroe, Lancs. A happy, purposeful community of a dozen adults and 50 children aged from 4-13. Recog. by Min. of Educ. Fees £140 to £165 p.a.

PROGRESSIVE Home School for boys and girls 4-11. Recognised as efficient by the Ministry of Education. Thanet House, Broadstairs. Tel. Thanet 62783.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11 & 12 Clifford St., W.1. REGent 2803. Fndd. 1901.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

PROFITABLE Lending Library, N.W. Ldn. (G.P. £850.) Long lease at low rent of L/up shop with further 600 sq. ft. now available to develop add'l line, e.g., undoubted opng. S/Hand books. Price incl. stock & fittgs. £1,500. Box 5654.

WINDMILL (Converted) for sale, Norfolk Coast. 7 bedrooms, 2 large round living rooms, bathroom, mains water & elec., small secluded garden, in reach of golf, sailing, bird sanctuary. Vac. poss. Mrs. Frances Cornford, 10 Millington Rd., Cambridge.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

Assembling the component parts of a Mullard Thyratron.

PROGRESS IN ELECTRONICS

THE utilisation factor of an electrically powered machine is often dependent upon the flexibility of its motor. Until quite recently all motors were controlled by conventional electro-mechanical equipment. To-day, however, an increasing number are controlled by an electronic valve known as a thyratron.

The thyratron is a device which can convert alternating current to direct current and, at the same time, can regulate the amount of current—and thus the amount of power—released to the motor.

The great advantage of the thyratron is its extreme flexibility which permits infinitely variable control of motor speed and direction. It thus enables full advantage to be taken of recent developments in the field of automatic control with all its attendant economies in overheads and manpower.

Mullard produce a wide range of thyratrons for a great variety of applications. In addition to motor control, Mullard thyratrons are today leading to increased efficiencies in lighting and heating systems, in servo-mechanisms, in resistance welders, relays and regulated voltage devices.

Mullard

MULLARD LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

Factories at: Blackburn · Fleetwood · Gillingham · Hove · Lytham-St. Anne's · Mitcham · Rawtenstall · Waddon · Wandsworth · Whyteleafe

(MP418 Rev.)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE University of Manchester.—Applications are invited for the post of Senior Lecturer in Sociology in the Department of Social Anthropology. Salary on a scale £1,150-£1,500 per annum with membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than March 15, 1954, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Government. Salary on a scale £450-£550 per annum, with membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than March 31, 1954, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of applic. may be obtained.

LONDON County Council. Secondary School—Headship. Applications are invited for the following post: Dalston County Secondary School, Shacklewell Lane, Kingsland High Street, E.8. Accommodation for 500 girls aged 11-18+ providing courses leading to G.C.E. (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels). Applications invited for appointment of Headmistress. Vacant Easter, 1954. Roll in January, 1954—378. Burnham Group 9 based on average unit total of 874 for 1950-52. Apply on Form EO/TS10 Secondary (TSLOB for candidates who have completed Form TSLO since June, 1952, and have nothing to add) obtainable from Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, S.E.1. Closing date March 10. (151.)

A GROUP of Companies has a vacancy for a man who has had considerable industrial experience and who is interested specifically in the problems of wages and salary levels and control but who can see them in the wider framework of industrial relations. Someone with experience of work in a Time Study Department might well be suitable. He will work mainly in London Central with other people engaged on other aspects of personnel management. He should have the ability to collect and interpret material and present it in a form which is easily understood. A knowledge of statistics is necessary although it is not really the job for a highly qualified statistician. A starting salary of £900 to £1,000 would be paid. Applications should be sent to Box NS 967, LPE, 110 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2.

MANAGER for Nigerian Rubber Plantation and Sawmill wanted. Must have experience of preparation of Sheet Rubber for Export. Technical experience of sawmilling not essential. Salary £1,000-£1,300 according to experience. Free house, medical attention, and servants. Two years' contract initially with 8 weeks' leave. Box P. 178, Lee & Nightingale, Liverpool.

CIVIL Service Staff Association has a vacancy for a research officer to be responsible for the collection and analysis of information required in negotiations on a wide range of conditions of service. Candidates must possess drafting ability and a knowledge of economics and statistics. An interest in the trade union movement is essential and experience in the Civil Service would be an advantage. The successful applicant will also act as Press Officer. Subject to the satisfactory completion of one year's probation the appointment will be permanent and pensionable (non-contributory). Starting pay according to experience and qualifications within a scale of £610×£30—£730×£35—£870×£30—£900. Applications to the General Secretary, Society of Civil Servants, Palace Chambers, Bridge Street, S.W.1.

N.U.S. require Senior Assistant in Vacation Work Department. Preferably not over 30. Salary—minimum £300 p.a. For details and application forms write: Vacation Work Organiser, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

EXPERIENCED teacher reqd. now for small primary group. Art, crafts, dramatics or games recomm. Kindergarten teacher after Easter. Jobs might suit couple with family. John Aitkenhead, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Ware, Herts, reqs. 2 teachers (kindergarten & 10-11 gp.) & matron. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

W.A.S.U. Ltd. invites applications for the post of Resident Warder for the West African Students' Union Hostel. Applications should be made to the Management Committee, W.A.S.U., 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3, stating age, qualifications experience, refs. Married couples considered.

BLUNHAM House Nature Cure Health Centre, Blunham, Bedfordshire, has vacancies for those interested in food reform cookery & general domestic work. Apply by letter or telephone Blunham 231.

WARDEN really interested in older girls needed to take charge of small Hostel (Norwich) for girls going out to daily work. Experience essential. Resident post. Protestant. Write Miss Dyson (A), Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

STAFF are invited to apply for interesting and creative work in a progressive travel organization near Baker Street. Good working conditions and most Saturdays free. We require (a) Shorthand typist with first-class typing and shorthand speeds. French an advantage. (b) Copy typist, fast and accurate, with fluent German. (c) Junior clerical assistant (girl 18/20) with higher school education and a good knowledge of typing and general correspondence. Send full details of age, experience, and present salary to Box 6755, c/o Darbys, 24 Blackfriars Lane, London, E.C.4.

JUNIOR Mistress, not over 40, reqd. in May for small group of 8-10-yr.-olds in co-ed. school nr. Bristol. Box 5646.

HOUSEMOTHER or assistant matron aged 25-40 wanted in small co-ed boarding school for end April. Apply by letter, giving refs. and dates of training or posts held. Sal. £200 p.a. & board & lodging. Monkton Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset.

MATRON, not over 40, required immediately for co-educational school near Bristol. Box 5645.

WOMAN Office Secretary. Knowledge of Shorthand-typg., elementary book-kpg. Apply Hon. Sec., West African Students' Union, 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3.

SECRETARY to Air Commodore, £9. Secretary to Director, Advertising Agency, £7 10s. Call Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Great Russell Street, W.C.2. or ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

WRITER wants typist with gd. German, afts. only, W.1. £4 p.w. Box 5769.

MARRIED women wtd. as Sh./typs. & C./typs. 10-5. No Sats. Good sal. St. Stephens, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1. WHI. 0606.

THEATRE décor artist (bachelor) requires expd. resident working housekeeper-cook for Belgravia maisonette about mid-March. Must be willing prepare occasional hot after-theatre suppers and do personal laundry. £3 10s. week. Please ring PAR. 8141.

HOSTESS wanted for small home for University people with ability to promote cultural activities. Write Box 5471.

COMPANIONABLE woman needed urgently to relieve mother. Father in hospital. Girl 12, boy 8. Light household duties. Modern house. Charwoman kept. Good terms. Write Mrs. Scott, Park View, Pope's Lane, Ealing, W.5.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ENGLISH-German, journalistic experience, widely travelled (female), seeks position here or abroad. Box 5634.

INTELLIGENT young woman (30s) no degrees or diplomas; experienced administrative social work, committees, reception, catering, accounts; interested politics, foreign travel, seeks interesting post, residential preferred. Box 5648.

NOBODY wants an old salesman! Will some enlightened executive disprove? Clerical, drive car, anything. Age 52. Box 5799.

LADY, 32, seven years in publishing (editorial, publicity, advertising) sks. responsible secretarial/admin. post in this or allied field. Box 5767.

INTELLIGENT, capable, cheerful lady (28), typing, shorthand, languages, designing, sks. interesting position, pref. non-commercial. Box 5656.

ATTRACTIVE, enterprising woman grad. (B.A. Hons. French, German), secretl. exper., sks. responsible remunerative post reqg. initiative & intelligence. Box 5854.

GERMAN-Engl. secretary (f.), competent commerc., literary translator into German, own typewriter, free occas. Box 5463.

STARTING new scheme, social work, business? Young female dynamo available pioneer/experimental. Terrific energy, thoroughness, loyalty & engaging personality. Friend advertising unknown to her. Box 5442.

COMPETENT expd. Sec./Shthnd. Typist sks. post London/Home Counties where initiative, tact consid. important. Box 5544.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

BUCKS. "Tapping House" Hotel, Great Missenden. A charming XVIIth-cent. house in the lovely Chiltern Hills, just 1 hr. from London. Noted specially for absolute comfort, excellent food and warmth. All bedrooms h. & c. and cent. heated. Tel. 516.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Week-ends in the country, it's an easy train journey. Comfort, good food, club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

BETWS-y-Coed District. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort; continental cooking. From 7*gns*. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

BOURNEMOUTH. Guest House near sea/shops/buses. Basins, gas fires. Moderate terms. "Mariners," Clifton Road, Southbourne. Telephone 43961.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

CORNISH Riviera. Rooms facing South and sea, mid-promenade. Bed & bkfast. 9*s*. 6*d*. Steen, 4 Marine Terrace, Penzance.

OLD Pump Cottage, Shaftesbury. Simple, thatched, centre tours, lovely walks; good cooking. 5½-7*gns*. Miss English.

CORNISH Fishing Village. Accommodation Easter onwards in attractive house 3 mins. sea & bus. Excellent position for exploring Cornwall. Full board 7*gns*. "Dolphin," Mousehole, Nr. Penzance.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby.

SNOWDONIA. Accommodation. Charming modernised cottage. Central. Hot baths. Morning tea. Early bookings advisable. Bed & breakfast 4*gns*. weekly. Extras as required. Packed lunch, tea, light supper. Stamp: Proprietress, "Noddfa," Beddgelert.

SOUTH Devon. Informal Guest House, overlooking harbour, where beds are comfortable and food is good. Brochure (stamp please): Woodgrange, Devon Rd., Salcombe.

ALWAYS Warm Here! Usually 70° public rooms. Twin-bedded 4½-6½*gns*., incl. htg. in bedroom day & night, gratuities, early tea, etc. Singles £5 18*s* up. Annexe 4*gns*. Meat/Vegetarian. Convalescents welcomed (bkfst. in bed). "Finest Climate" (Brochure free). 'Phone Hastings 4784. Normanhurst P./Htl., Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Opp. covered walk; nr. sun-lounge orchestra. Summer 5½-8*gns*.

EASTER in Cornwall. Country house; own produce; centre for all beauty spots. Full board or bed and breakfast. Box 5341.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses—The Bide-a-While Book. 3*s*. 6*d*., postage 3*d*. Victor Hilton, Harbourside, Torquay.

RYE The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Central heating throughout. A pleasant place for Winter holidays. Rye 2216.

DEVON & Cornwall. Holidays in Guest Houses, Dawlish & Newquay. Very good value. Excursions Well recommended. Illus. broch. 18 from Bishop. "Fairfield," Dawlish.

ROTTINGDEAN, Nr. Brighton—Famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House. Food our speciality. Cent. htg. Rooms of character. Fr. 7*gns*. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop.: D. Chapman, M.P.

THE Continental. St. Leonards-on-Sea, member Hastings Socialist Hoteliers' Assn., invites your patronage. (Illus. brochure).

RYE: Simon-the-Pieman Tearooms, Lion St., receive guests. Tel. Rye 2207.

MULLION, South Cornwall. Why not spend your holiday at this picturesque Cornish resort and stay at the Mounts Bay Hotel? Every comfort, h. & c. and spring interior mattresses all rooms. Open all the year. Write for brochure. Resident Proprietors: Mr. & Mrs. R. Poynter.

COUNTRY Guest House on lovely Herts.-Essex border, 27 miles London, offers ideal winter or summer accom. Good food with fresh garden produce. Every convenience. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. (Hatfield Heath 263.)

HOLIDAYS with strawberries and cream in Devon. Sea-View Guesthouse adioining 3 miles golden sands; bathing from house. Ideal surf-riding. 5-8*gns*. 'Phone 44. Mrs. Garness, Woolacombe. Also furn. bungalows.

ROSELAND, S. Cornwall. Small guest house on sea edge. Quiet, beautiful scenery. Own prod. Mrs. Job, Tirva, Veryan.

SEA Palling, Norfolk. Quiet village near Broads, delightful beach. Good food (vegetarian optional). Open Easter. S.a.e. Woodbine Guest House, Tel. Hickling 236.

FARM Holidays, 1954 Farm Holiday Guide describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms; Pages of Pictures. 3*s*. 2*d*., post free. Farm Guide, 49 Broomlands St., Paisley.

BOOK your Spring or Summer holiday now! Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, amongst beautiful lake and mountain scenery, offers friendliness, comfort, first-class food. Anne Horner, Telephone 508.

FRENCH Riviera: Flowered terraces overlooking sea. Ideal climate; excellent cuisine; 1,000 yds. from Monte Carlo Casino; open all year; moderate terms. Hotel Sévigné—Roquebrune—Cap Martin. "Where guests are not just people who pay!" M. Radenne.

WESTERN Brittany for Inexpensive Holidays. Finistère is the country of beaches of golden sands, protected by impressive rocks, of picturesque fishing ports and unspoiled villages, of exquisitely carved calvaries, of charming local customs and costumes. The water is warm, the countryside green and pleasant, the food excellent. The hotels quote prices below the national average and offer particularly advantageous terms before and after the peak period. Illustrated folder and list of hotels from the Comité Départemental du Tourisme du Finistère, Quimper, or the French Government Tourist Office, 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

CÔTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel, beautiful quiet situation above sandy beach. Mod. comfs., 1st-class cuisine, own cabin cruiser. Casino, dancing. Red. rates to end June. Ill. broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

CORNWALL, Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest Hse. overlkg. sea. H. & c. most bedrms. Excel food, farm prod. Tel. 286.

TOURING in Ireland? You should spend some time at Skryne Castle, Tara, Co. Meath. Comfortable country guest house, 25 miles from Dublin.

FRENCH Riviera. Warm, homely atmosphere in private villa. Cap d'Antibes. Excellent food and service. Breakfast, lunch, dinner. Inclusive terms 35*s*. day. Particulars: Box 4905, 'phone FRE. 8677.

HUNGARIAN Club Rest., 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. Open nightly exc. Fri. All welcome. Take advantage of the good cooking.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CONTENTS of February "Plebs"; "The Co-op. Dividend," by E. Topham; "The Sudan," by J. F. Horrabin; "A Socialist Anthology," by W. D. Morris; "Is the W.E.A. Changing its Policy?" by J. P. M. Millar; "American Capitalism To-day," by R. Fletcher; "Living by Our Wits," "Is Uncle Sam Going to Slump?" and "This Wicked World." "Plebs" cost 6*d*., by post 7½*d*., or 7*s*. per year, from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. "Commonsense and sincerity."—A. S. Neill. "Can be unreservedly recommended."—Daily Mail. By post 8*s*. from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

FABIAN Bookshop, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1. Sale of slightly soiled books at greatly reduced prices beginning on Feb. 22.

WHAT are you reading? Join The Postal Library of Psychology. 48 Ring Road, Crossgates, Leeds, for interesting psychological works. Why not write for details?

"ON Killing Time," a practical metaphysic. S.a.e. to Author, Silverdale, Vale of Health, N.W.3.

WANTED, Books & pamphlets on Socialism, Communism, Russia, China, Trotsky, and private libraries, large or small. Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS bought. Best prices paid for fiction, any quantity bought. Write or 'phone. Essex Books, 23 Alwyne Road, Islington, N.1. CAN. 3134.

BOOKS, 2nd-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

ANY book, any subject, obtainable from Staunton, 22 Knighton Park Rd., S.E.26.

3,508 German second-hand Novels, Plays, etc., in Catalogue 50. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., London, N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

FOR Books on Economics, Politics and Sociology consult Frank Cass (Books), Ltd., 91 Southampton Row, W.C.1. LAN. 6417. Lists issued. Books bought.

MISCELLANEOUS

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W.1. Booklet sent.

SHORTHAND in 1 week. Test lesson 2½*d*. stamp. Dutton's (NS), 93 Gt. Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

REMAKING Bedding. We remake and recover divans, box springs and mattresses, also convert your mattresses into spring-interior types. Write for further particulars. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

SAVE Money and get the Coffee & Chicory Habit. Good quality Pure Coffee is now a luxury, so try the Luxury of Continental Coffee & Chicory. 2lb. for 9*s*. 5*d*.; 3lb. 13*s*. 10*d*.; 6lb., 27*s*.; 10lb., 43*s*. 4*d*. Post paid in U.K. Send cheque or p/order Direct to The Household Coffee Company, 49 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fiertag, 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 240

CASEWORKS Seminars for Qualified Social Workers. The National Association for Mental Health will hold a series of ten (10) weekly discussion groups on casework, beginning on April 29, 1954. For further particulars apply to General Secretary, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

GERMAN Intensive Courses, dets. Miss Seidmann, 4/40 Elm Pk. Gdns., S.W.10.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.)* London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees, Law Exams, etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Scholarship Exam., March 24. HAM. 5986.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel.: PARk 8392).

GREGG Shorthand—Intensive Courses. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, S.W.7. KEN. 4771.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

ERIC de Peyer, late of the Isobel Cripps Centre, is now teaching the Alexander method at 7 Wellington Sq., S.W.3. (SLO. 3141.) This method teaches you how to keep poised but relaxed and to undo tensions causing chronic discomfort or pain.

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginrs. crse. all ages. Brochure: Spanish Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

PIANOFORTE Tuition by Concert Pianist (pupil of Schnabel). HAM. 3408.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

EASTER in Florence. Vacancs. sml. priv. party; Apr. 8-25. £32 5s. PRI. 3320.

INTERNATIONAL House Party Holidays with a chance for foreign Language Practice. A stimulating holiday in interesting company at very reasonable cost. Full details of our arrangements in Austria, Germany, Switzerland and Britain from Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

FREE Scholarships to N.C.L.C. Summer Schools are available to most Trade Unionists. Why not write for a place? Send to J. P. M. Millar, Gen. Sec., N.C.L.C. Tillicoultry, Scotland, for particulars.

EXAMINATIONS

THE Association of Certified and Corporate Accountants June, 1954 Examinations. The half-yearly Preliminary, Intermediate and Final Examinations will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 8, 9 and 10 next, in Aberdeen, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Cardiff, Cork, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Nottingham, Plymouth and Sheffield, and at such other centres, if any, as circumstances may warrant. Entries must be received before April 1, 1954, at the offices of the Association, 22 Bedford Sq., London, W.C.1.

SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY College of Hull. The College offers for competition each year a Scholarship in Social Studies of £40 per annum tenable for two years to students who have at least two years' experience in some practical occupation and who wish to obtain a Diploma in Social Studies. (The award is often supplemented by the Local Education Authority of the successful competitor.) Application must be made not later than April 21. Particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Hull.

THE British Federation of University Women announce: Summer Research Grant, Reid Hall, Paris, 1954, providing 2 months' residence, from July 27, for a woman graduate to pursue scholarly research. Details from Hon. Sec., B.F.U.W., Ltd., 17A King's Road, London, S.W.3. Applications by April 15, 1954.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau can supply First-class Secretaries by the half-day or day, and an office for private dictation for brief or lengthy periods. Plays, Novels, Theses, etc., are all typed intelligently and efficiently at top speed. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

SECRETARIAL Aunts for all types of Secretarial Services, shorthand typists, etc. Literary and commercial typing, duplicating, etc. Four-day service for any length M.S. Special rates for students and societies. 32/34 Rupert St., Piccadilly Circus, W.1. GER. 1067/8/9. Also at Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

TYPING & Duplicating. Quick, efficient service. GRO. 7993. Crystal Bureau, 7 Pitts Head Mews, Park Lane, W.1.

TYPING, etc.—continued

A FIRST-Class Duplicating/Typing/Secretarial service. Mabel Byles, 395 Hornsey Road, N.19. ARC. 1765, ext. 1.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786.

FIRST-class Duplctg./Typing serv. Dictation, Theses, MSS, etc. Confidential. Miss Stone, 446 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 5984.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting, Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS, etc., copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days' service for MSS. of any length by arrangement. 24-hr. Duplicating service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAI. 7479.

MRS. Archer for MSS, Secretarial/Duplctg. 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. TEM. Bar. 5230.

TYPING promptly executed. Reasonable charges. Carbons extra. Mrs. Deeks, Field Bungalow, Stoke Road, Leavenheath, Colchester. Boxford 382.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

DUPLICATING, outstanding illustrated or straight work. Translns. Qualityprint, 87 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1. MUS. 0380.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

PERSONAL

E. Africa, lady trav. April wd. welcome commissions; companion, child care, sec. duties for fare, or part. Box 5622.

OXFORD graduate & wife taking private party to Switzerland; 2 centres, Gersau, Lake Lucerne, or Lugano. Rail or air travel. Aug. 23-Sept. 3. £35. Few places vacant. Write Box 5676.

"PLAYING the Guitar," "Painting & Modelling" and "An Active Approach to Theatre": courses at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, week-end 19-21 March.

FISHERMAN'S Cottage to let furn. Dorset coast, March, April, May, £1 p.w. Lesser period by arrangement. Box 5843.

LIBRETTIST sought to collaborate on book of musical play. Contemporary theme. Some lyrics & music written. Box 5741.

WEAVER with space, equipment, scope for development, seeks partner with small capital. Surrey. Box 5655.

WANTED: Italian teacher. Telephone TUDor 2737.

CHINESE embroidered cloths, cultured pearls, croc. skins. Churton, PRI. 1043.

WOMAN driver offers free passage to Venice in Morris 8. Companion (f.) to pay own board. Leaving Lympne March 20. Box 5787.

SOUTH of France, easy reach Nice. To let in picturesque village charming furn. apartment, mod. comf. Sleep 2. Box 5778.

EASTER: "The Unity of the Arts" at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

EASTER in Paris. Cité Club Universitaire. 8 days £19 9s. includes fare, all meals, excursions, theatre, etc. Write S. Ginsbury, 3 Clarendon Cross, W.11. PAR. 9318.

BE 2*in*. Taller with "Bildup" men's shoes. 76s. pair. Illus. List Free: Capitol Shoe Co. (Box 44), 315 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

HANDS and Character—a study in scientific hand analysis individually prepared. Send for free copy of "Your Hands and You." Box 5176.

CANAL & River Cruising. Fully equipped motor cruisers for hire. Broch.: Canal Pleasurecraft (s), Stourport-on-Severn.

1954 Holidays. Walking Tours in the Swiss Alps, Pyrenees, Majorca, Lapland, Dolomites, Tyrol, etc. Sightseeing in Greece, Southern Italy, Portugal, Dalmatian Coast, Macedonia, around Spain—and up the Rhine to Switzerland. Camping in Greece, Corsica, Algeria and on the Riviera. Nearly 100 different holidays to choose from —and all of them out of the ordinary. Ramblers' Assn. Services, 48 (K4) Park Road, Baker Street, N.W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

ISLAND holiday, small fully furn. cottage on remote island off coast Donegal. Four comfortable beds, water, some mod. cons.; daily help. Own beach, use dinghy, from March to Oct. 5-7*gns.* wkly., according to dates still available. Mayo, WEL. 1740.

RELAX in the Sun. On the islands of Corfu, Elba and Djerba (off the Tunisian Coast), the French Club Mediterranee runs three holiday villages where you can escape entirely from the cares of the world. Underwater fishing, water ski-ing, dancing, French cooking, excursions to Athens, Rome and the mainland of Africa. The Club will be glad to welcome British members. For further information write to: Club Mediterranee, 8 rue de la Bourse, Paris 2e, France.

TRAVEL Film Shows in the Provinces. Erna Low invites you to see her Travel Films and to discuss your holiday problems! Entrance free. Oxford March 2, 7 and 8.30 p.m., English-Speaking Union; Nottingham March 4, 7.30 p.m., Y.M.C.A.; Manchester March 5, 6.30 p.m., Milton Hall; Leeds March 6, 6.30 p.m., Lecture Hall, City Museum; Birmingham March 19, 6.30 p.m., Birmingham & Midland Institute. Tickets at the door or from Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7.

SMALL Jewish Holiday Parties to South of France, Italy or Spain. Informal meetings before departure. Fifteen days from £33 12s. Write or 'phone for free illustrated brochure to Mr. N. Sosner, Apal Travel, 51 High Holborn, W.C.1. CHA. 4627/8.

GERMAN, Latin & Greek for all grades by professional tutor. Box 5833.

ENGLISH & French lessons. Mrs. Cameron, B.A. WEL. 9406.

SPEECH improved and Accent corrected in 6 private lessons. Free trial lesson. 'Phone CUN. 1984.

YNG. lady, fluent linguist, prepd. teach German/Swedish/Finnish. Typg./trans. also welc. Moderate terms. AMB. 1339.

RUSSIAN conversation lessons by Russian lady. Translations and typing (own Russian typewriter). Box 5661.

ITALIAN (conversation-grammar) taught. Expd. Italian teacher (m.). Box 5801.

BRITISH European Autoways. An important announcement! Would you like a luxury motor-coach tour through Holland & Germany to Copanhagen & stay for a glorious week at our Castle by the Sea? Free illustrated booklet of this and Britropa's Innsbruck Express, complete Austrian Holiday, 23*gns.* Elba—Spain—Yugoslavia—The best coach tours, from the Tagus to the Danube. Britopa, Ltd., 1 John Adam St., W.C.2.

SPAIN in ease. Madrid, Granada, Algeciras, Cadiz, Seville by air and luxury coach. First-class hotels. 12 days, 79*gns.* Send for free illus. booklet of escorted and independent holidays from £20. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1. CHA. 6436-7.

EYESIGHT improved without glasses. If you have defective vision a qualified Bates Practitioner can help you. Miss Evelyn Sage, 76 Twyford Ave., N.2. TUD. 4776.

OSTEOPATHY, Massage, Manipulation, Relaxation-therapy, Nerve stimulation. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. WELbeck 9600. Ask for brochure on nerve therapy.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WELbeck 6655, for details.

COMPANIONABLE sailing holiday with tuition. South Devon. August. Four Winds, Highfield, Letchworth.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

ROBERT George Miles Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

THOSE publishers of sound weekly newspapers, or established trade, technical or professional journals who need intelligent advertisement representation, but did not reply to our advertisement last week, are still invited to write in and with confidence to the Managing Director at Box 5496.

PERSONAL—continued

SWITZERLAND, 15 days. High-class hotels, best centres in Bernese Oberland, Valais, &c., and on Lakes Lucerne, Lugano and Geneva. From £27 to £34. Luxury hotels £36 10s. Holidays with air travel from £33 10s. E.T.A. Tours, 357 Strand, W.C.2.

SPRING Ski-ing or Summer Sunshine! You will enjoy a Spring ski-ing party in Austria or Switzerland or a sunshine holiday to Spain, Portugal, Yugoslavia, Italy or Greece. Full details from Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

BY Air to Central Europe. 15 days £30-£39 including coach-tours Vienna or Dolomites. By Rail sleepers, 3rd and 2nd cl. available now. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

TEENAGERS and single young people can spend April 11-May 2 with a cultured family in Paris or environs on exchange basis (i.e., returning hospitality Aug. 22-Sept. 12) at only £12 incl. fare. Or as paying guests, £31. Details: Robertson's E.T.S., 61 Fellow's Road, London, N.W.3.

14 Days Abroad from 20*gns.* All-in. Send at once for free illustrated brochure offering today's most wonderful value in Continental Holidays. Foreign Travel Ltd., Dept. No. P.3, 15 Bury Place, W.C.1. Opposite British Museum. 'Phone CHA. 2741-2.

AT home or abroad C.H.A. will give you a wonderful holiday. Send for the attractive illustrated booklet describing 80 well-appointed centres. Excursions arranged, every comfort provided. Whether you go alone or with a party you will make many new friends. Charges are very reasonable. Book Early! C.H.A. (Dept. J), Birch Heys, Manchester, 14.

HOLIDAYS the "En Famille" Way in Austria, France, Germany, Scandinavia, Holland. "To get the best out of travelling is to learn to understand new customs, new ways of living, new ways even of thinking." Spend your holidays abroad in the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family. Illus. Brochure: E.F.A., 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

A FOREIGN Language an Asset. Practical training in children's care and light house duties for young ladies arranged au pair with pocket money in excellent French families for 6 months or summer. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. (Phone KNI. 4132.)

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 4555.

MATHS for Matric., Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

PRE-FRONTAL Leucotomy reduces undue anxiety, but is not absolutely essential before a sitting with John Vickers, the photographer who welcomes those who consider themselves difficult subjects. 29.B Belgrave Road, S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

APPLICATIONS invited from Art-Lovers, Teachers, Students, etc., to join low-cost visits to Italian Cities, Florence—Pisa—Siena—Rome, 15 days 34*gns.* departing April 10: August 1 and 29. Milan—Verona—Mantua—Padua—Venice, 15 days 39*gns.* departing August 15: also June 27 walking in the Pyrenees & Andorra, 15 days 34½*gns.* Details: Educational Travel Assn., c/o World University Service, 59 Gloucester Pl., W.1.

CORSICA, Majorca, Sardinia. A 14-day sunshine holiday by air to any of these Mediterranean Paradise islands on specially advantageous terms. Full board and accommodation from £43 10s. Also a grand Mediterranean luxury air cruise for £63 10s. Plan now. Write or 'phone for four exciting fully illustrated free brochures to Dept. C.S., Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., E.C.4. CITy 7163.

GOING to Spain? Cedric Salter's "Introducing Spain" (Methuen, 18s.) will tell you all you want to know. Ask to see it at your local booksellers.

BULGARIA. First depart. April 11 then weekly from May 15. For full programme 14 countries send s.a.e. to Holiday Friendship Serv., 5 Goodwins Ct., London, W.C.2.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

"KNOW-HOW" means Writing Success for you. No Sales—No Fees tuition. Free N.2 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

MATHEMATICIAN coaches to General Cert. of Educ. and to open Scholarship level. 33 Nottingham Place, W.1. WEL. 8022.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Mrs. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

P.S. Have you seen Harold Ingham's programme of summer schools abroad? An example—University of Venice—21 days, 37*gns.* Departures August 2 and 16. Other courses in Lausanne, Barcelona, Rome, Mayrhofen, Ljubljana, also Musicians' Tours in Italy & Austria.

P.P.S. The last ski-party leaves for Bretaye March 20—15 days 28½*gns.* inclusive. All information from 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Surface Mail to any address in the world:
One year, £2 5s. 0d. 6 months, £1 2s. 6d. 3 months, 11s. 6d.

Air Mail to any address in Europe: £3 8s. 0d. yearly.
To other countries: by special quotation.

Air Express (posted immediately on arrival at main airport):
Africa: South, £4. East, £4 5s. West, £3 15s. India and Pakistan, £4 5s.
Singapore and Malaya, £4 10s. Australia, £6.

Special Service to Canada & U.S.A. Residents in North America may remit for Surface or Air Express subscriptions to BRITISH PUBLICATIONS INC., 30, East 60th Street, New York 22, N.Y. at these rates:
Surface, $7.50 yearly. Air Express, $17 yearly.

All subscriptions are pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE on this issue: Inland 1½*d.; Foreign* 1½*d.; Canada* 1*d.*

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Holborn 8471)

ENTERTAINMENTS

TH. Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. From Tues., Feb. 23, Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sat 6 & 8.30. "The Dutch Courtesan."

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391)—"Timid People." Delightful new comedy of village life in China. Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Adm. 2*s* 6*d*. to 5*s*. 6*d*. Membs. 2*s*. 6*d*. a year.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 7 (ex. M.) St. Sun. 5 & 8. "The Private Secretary." Mems.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury (nr. Islington Town Hall), Tavistock Rep. in "The Romantic Young Lady," translation by Helen and Harley Granville-Barker from the Spanish Comedy by Sierra. 7.30, Fri., Feb. 19, Sat. 20, Sun. 21, Fri 26, Sat. 27. Seats 2*s*., 3*s*. 6*d*., 5*s*., bookable CAN. 5111 after 7, CAN. 3475 daytime.

IRVING, Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Saints & Sinners," intimate Revue. Mems. Licd. Restnt.

THE first performance in this country of "Am-Stram-Gram," a play by André Roussin, with original songs by Benjamin Britten and Serge Lancen, and produced by Victor Azaria, will be given in the original French at the Toynbee Theatre (28 Commercial St., London, E.1), on March 4 and 5 at 7.15 p.m. Tickets at 3*s*. 6*d*. obtainable from Sub-Warden, Toynbee Hall.

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Marx Bros. Season. Until Feb. 21: "Duck Soup." (U). From Feb. 22: "A Night in Casablanca" (U). Chaplin in "The Vagabond" (U)

NAT. Film Th. S. Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat. Feb. 20. James Stewart, Jean Arthur "You Can't Take it With You" (U). Dir. Frank Capra. 1.30, 3.45 6, 8.15. Open to pub.

PEOPLE'S Palace, ADV. 3520. Sun., Feb. 21, "Buongiorno Elefante" U. Italian.

INDIA Entertains: Music, Song, Dancing, Films, Saturday, Feb. 20, at 7.30 p.m. Youth House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Few seats at 2*s*. 6*d*.

CHILDREN'S Film Show: New Soviet Cartoons. Sun., Feb. 21, 2.30 p.m. At S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 2*s*. 6*d*. adults, 1*s*. children.

LA Cage! 137 Finchley Rd., Swiss Cottage, N.W.3. The licensed club where you drink, eat and dance in comfort. Open daily. Mems. (over 19) 10*s*. 6*d*. half year.

I.C.A. Club Dancing every Saturday in February, 17 Dover St., W.1. to Derek Coleman, Dave De Vere Group, 8-11. Mems. 3*s*., non-mems. 5*s*. Membership invited.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Dance, Sat. Feb. 20, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tickets 4*s*.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Recital Room. Sun., Feb. 28 at 3. New music by Ruth Gipps & Adrian Cruft. Sophie Wyss, Musica de Camera Ensemble & other Artists.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Tues., Mar. 2, at 8. The Art of Fugue—J. S. Bach (set for woodwind, strings & harpsichord by Leonard Isaacs). London Harpsichord Ensemble.

LOUIS Kentner. Liszt Recital (pres. by Liszt Society). Fri., Feb. 26, 7.30. Arts Council Drawing Room, 4 St. James' Square, S.W.1. Sonata in B minor, Fantasy and Fugue on B.A.C.H., Scherzo & March, Csárdás Macabre, Grand Galop Chromatique, etc. Tkts. 6*s*. (Liszt Society members 5*s*.) from Ibbs & Tillett (WEL. 8418) and hall on night of concert.

A.G.M.C. announce 4th concert of contemporary German music. Arts Council Rooms, 4 St. James Square, S.W.1. Friday, February 19, at 8 p.m. Susan Rosza—violin, Paul Hamburger—piano, Morley College Choir cond. P. R. Fricker. Works by Erbse, Pepping, Orff, Klebe, Zimmermann. Tickets 3*s*. at door.

HAYDN Orchestra, cond. Harry Newstone, Wigmore Hall, Tuesday next at 7.30. Haydn: Ov. Deserted Island, Cello Concerto, Sym. 83; Vivaldi: Sym. in B minor; Mozart: Piano Concerto in G (K.453). Soloists: Christopher Bunting & Peter Wallfisch. Tickets 3*s*.-9*s*. from Hall & Chappells.

RECITAL of Chamber Music, Dalcroze Hall, 10A Newton Road, Bayswater, W.2, Sun. Feb. 21, 8 p.m. Else Cross, Piano, Rosemary Rapaport, Violin, John Davies, Clarinet. Works: Brahms, Schubert, Milhaud &c. (Promoted by Ben Uri Art Gallery).

I.C.A. Gallery. 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Wednesday, Feb. 24, 8.15 p.m. Works by: John Lambert, Webern, Seiber, Dallapiccola, van Dieren, Stravinsky. Soloists: Emelie Hooke, Maria Lidka, Ronald Moore, Georgina Dobree, Wilfred Hambleton. Directed by: P. Racine Fricker. Mem. 3*s*. Guests 4*s*. 6*d*.

CHAIKOVSKY: Manfred Symphony; Prokofiev, Romeo and Juliet, 3rd Suite, &c. Soviet tape-recording recital. Sun., Feb. 21, 7.30 p.m. At S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8 Adm. 1*s*. (S.C.R. 6*d*.).

GRAMOPHONE Recital. Impressions of various forms of the music of Rumania, illustrated by new records, by Harry Francis. 40 Gt. Russell St. (opp. British Museum), Wed., Feb. 24, 7.30 British Rumanian Friendship Assn. Adm. free.

EXHIBITIONS

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. French Paintings of the XIX and XX Century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1*s*. post free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Drawings & Designs in "Homage to Dylan Thomas" by Ceri Richards; Paintings by Eric Atkinson; Gouaches by Robert Lavoine. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes Feb 27.

EXHIBITION of Paintings by six young artists: Joan Eardley, Alastair Flattely, Lewin Bassingthwaighte, Albert Irvin, Patrick Symons, Jeffrey Nuttall, to be opened by Robert Henriques, on Tuesday, February 23, 1954, at 12 noon, at the Parsons Gallery, 70 Grosvenor Street, New Bond Street, W.1. (Kindly lent by Messrs. Thos. Parsons & Sons, Ltd.) Not open on Saturdays.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. A Sherry Party for members. Pre-View Redfern Gallery, March 11. For information apply C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street. Eighteenth Century Paintings from Venice and Bergamo: Piazetta, Ceruti, Seb. Ricci, Pittoni, Trevisani and others.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Rebeyrolle—Recent Paintings. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

30 Welsh Paintings of Today. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Feb. 27. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, W.1. Pottery by Steven Sykes. Lithographs by Picasso. Until March 6.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Raymond Mason: Sculpture and Drawings. Dolf Rieser: Copper Engravings, Plaster Prints, Paintings.

AMERICAN Books, 1655-1954. An Exhibition of American Printed Books. February 19-March 6. Admission free. The Times Bookshop, Wigmore Street, W.1.

PAUL & Marjorie Abbatt. Exhibition of Children's Picture and Story Books from France. Feb. 20-Mar. 6 incl. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sats. 9 a.m.-1 p.m. 94 Wimpole St., London, W.1.

NEW Burlington Galleries, entr. Old Burlington Street, W.1. W.I.A.C. 54th Annual Exhibition Painting and Sculpture including Special Group German Sculpture. Feb. 12 to March 2 incl. Open 10-6 incl. Sats.: Tues. and Thurs. 10-8.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Recent Paintings by Ruszkowski and Roy Turner Durrant.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Recent British Drawings. Daily 10.30-6, closed Sundays. Members free, non-members 1*s*. 6*d*.

MAGIC Eye. Problem Children's Art at Cooling Galleries, 92 New Bond St. Feb. 22-Mar. 5. By pupils Red Hill School, Nr. Maidstone, Kent. Exciting & striking.

CHARLES Ginner. Arts Council Exhibition, Tate Gallery. Closes Feb. 20. Weekdays 10-6. Admission free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Collectors' Choice III—Modern French and British Paintings.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "The Dollar Problem" will be given by Sir Donald MacDougall (Oxford) at 5 p.m. on March 2, at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2. Adm. free, without tickets.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed. Feb. 24, 7.30 p.m. "Rearming Germany?" Report of Study Group. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2*s*.

PROGRESSIVE Business Men's Forum. An All-Parties Brains Trust on The Berlin Conference. Speakers include Mr. Nigel Nicholson, M.P., Mr. Wm. Warbey, M.P., Major E. F. Allison, Mr. George Matthews, on Thurs., February 25, at the Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, 7.45 p.m. MAYfair 4245 for reservations.

A LEADING world authority and brilliant speaker will give the Albert Howard Memorial Lecture—"The Under-Developed Lands of Britain"—Dr. L. Dudley Stamp (Dir. of Land Utilisation Survey, London Univ. Professor of Social Geography), at Kingsway Hall, W.C.2, 6.30 p.m., Wednesday, Feb. 24. Tickets 3*s*. from Soil Association, 8F Hyde Park Mansions, N.W.1.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Feb. 21. Archibald Robertson, M.A., "The Historical Novel." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1*s*. 6*d*.

HORACE Shipp on "The Flemish Masters" at Leighton House, Holland Park Rd., W.14, Feb. 26, 8 p.m. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

KINGSLEY Martin speaking on "The West African Political Scene." W.A.S.U., 13 Chelsea Embankment. 7.30, Fri., Feb. 19.

ASSOCIATION of Scientific Workers, Cent. London Branch: Prof. Powell, F.R.S. on "Particles from Outer Space." Lect. with films. Conway Hall, Feb. 24, 7 p.m.

SOLLY Sachs: "South Africa and the Future," Hampstead Ethical Society, 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green, Sun., Feb. 21, at 7.15.

HUNGARIAN Cultural Life Today discussed by David Caplan, A. L. Lloyd, Ewan MacColl, Molly Moss, John Summerfield, just back from visit: theatre, art, music, film, folk music. February 21 at 7.30: British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2 (Notting Hill Gate Stn.). Refmts. avail. from 6: collection.

JAMES Robertson on Massenet's "Werther," with singers from the Sadler's Wells Opera, presented by the Finsbury Public Libraries at Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave. (nr. Sadler's Wells). Mon., Feb. 22, 7.30. Admission free.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Friday, Feb. 26, 8.15 p.m. Lecture: Contemporary Art in Soviet Russia, by John Berger. Chairman: Peter de Francia. Members 2*s*., Guests 3*s*.

JOSEPH Payne Memorial Lectures. "The Concept of University Education." Sir Charles Morris, M.A., College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1, Fridays, Feb. 26, March 12. 26, 7 p.m.

"SOVIET Education": Impressions of 1953 visit, Lantern lecture. Professor J. W. Cook, F.R.S. Chair: Professor J. S. Spink. Thurs., Feb. 25, 7.30 At Institute of Education (Assembly Hall), Malet St., W.C.1. Adm. 1*s*. 6*d*. (S.C.R. & students 1*s*.).

NEW Moscow University. Lantern lecture. Colin Penn, A.R.I.B.A. Tues., Feb. 23, 7.30 p.m. At S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 1*s*. 6*d*. (S.C.R. & students 1*s*.).

COLOUR Documentary Film: "Volga-Don Canal" With talk on "Building Technique in U.S.S.R.," by architect who visited Canal 1953. Wed., Mar. 17, 7.30 p.m. At S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Tickets 2*s*. 6*d*., available now. (Send s.a.e., please.)

GORDON Schaffer—just back from Berlin Conference of Foreign Ministers—will speak on Friday, Feb. 26, 7.45. Chairman: Dorothy Diamond. Do not miss his first-hand report. All welcome. Refmts. British-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Pl., W.1.

ANGLO-German Association: Dr. Eugen Guerster, German Cultural Attaché, on "Bavarian Baroque Art" Illustrated by slides. Thurs., Feb. 25, Caxton Hall, Westminster, at 6.30 p.m.

BERLIN Conference reviewed by Rev. Stanley Evans. Thurs., Feb. 25, 8 p.m. 55 Aberdare Gdns., N.W.6. Hamp. B.S.F.S.

ISRAEL—A Military Appreciation. Lecture by Lt. General H. G. Martin, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., on March 2 at 6 p.m. at the Royal Society of Arts, 6 John Adam St., Adelphi, W.C.2. Mems. free: others 1*s*. 6*d*. Tkts. fr. Anglo-Israel Assocn., 13 Mansfield St., W.1.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., Feb. 25, 6.30 p.m. Lecture in English by Miss Cicely V. Wedgwood, F.R.S.L., F.R.Hist.S., on: "Sir Anthony van Dyck." Admission free.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Dr. David Daiches on "The Concept of an Anglo-Jewish Community." Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport St., W.C.2, at 8 p.m. on Thursday, February 25. Visitors 2*s*. (This meeting was postponed from December 21 owing to the illness of Dr. Daiches.)

INDO-China—What are the facts? Meeting and première of Documentary "Fighting Vietnam," Islington Town Hall. Wed., Feb. 24, 7.30. Admission 1*s*.

DR. J. NEEDHAM, F.R.S., lectures on "The Asian and European Genius in Science and Technology." To-night, Friday, Feb. 19, at 7.30 p.m., at 45 Russell Square, W.C.1. Admission 1*s*.

DOES God Make Sense? Joint conference (Braziers Group & Personalists). Speakers: Jack Coates, Basil Druitt, Frida Ehlers, Norman Glaister and Hector Hawton. March 12-14 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; £2 12*s*. (Fri.-Sun.).

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Lecture, Wed., Feb. 24, 6.30 p.m. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. "Vedanta and Buddhism." Swami Avatkananda. Read "The Middle Way," the Journal of the Buddhist Society.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday at 7 p.m. Feb. 23. D. G. MacRae, M.A., "The Ethics of Reviewing." Adm. free. Colln. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Tonight Friday, Feb. 19, J. Henry Lloyd, "Personal Humanism." Friday, Feb. 26, L. Kersnik, "Yugoslavia Today."

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. February 27, at 6 p.m. Dr. H. Beschorner: "Deutschland heutzutage."

DEBATE—"Which Way to World Peace?" S.P.G.B.—*v.*—P.P.U., Friday, February 19, at 7.30. Bethnal Green Library (Opposite Tube). Admission Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

COLONIAL and British Youth. Solidarity and Friendship Rally, Hyde Park, Sunday, February 21, 7 p.m. Colonial Youth Speakers. London Youth Festival Committee.

"ISRAEL—Centre of Influence or Centre of Authority?" Lecture by Dr. N. Wieder. In the chair: Janus Cohen, Esq., A.L. Club, 43 Great Windmill Street, W.1. Monday, February 22, 8 p.m.

AFRICAN Music: Talk, recordings by Rev. A. M. Jones. Thursday, Feb. 25, 7.30. Rhythm and Movement Group, 48 Elsworthy Rd., N.W.3 Adm. 2*s*. 6*d*.

SHAW Society, A.G.M., 7 Albemarle St., W.1., Feb. 22, 7 p.m. Current "Shavian," 2*s*. 6*d*. post free from 45 Steepiestone Close, N.18. cont. "Shaw Speaks on War."

YOGA, Tuesday evenings, 6.30, Caxton Hall, Westminster. Feb. 23, special lecture on Yoga and Zen. Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 p.m. Sunday February 21. Studio, 29 Addison Avenue, W.11 (near Holland Park Station). Discourse, Vilayat, "The Practice of Brotherhood."

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists: Lectures Suns. 7 p.m., 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Religion and the Modern World." At Ethical Church. 4a Inverness Pl., W.2. Sun., Feb. 21, 6.30 p.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (Holborn). Thurs., Feb. 25, 7.30; "The Science of Right Activity." All welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: Two lectures will be given by Professor M. Delbouille (Liège) at 5.30 p.m. on March 1 and 2 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. March 1: "Travaux récents sur la Chanson de Roland." March 2: "Limites de la Géographie Linguistique." The lectures will be in French. Adm. free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: Two lectures will be given by Professor C. Nordenfalk (Keeper of the Department of Painting and Sculpture, Nationalmuseum, Stockholm) at 5 p.m. on February 26 and March 5, at the Courtauld Institute of Art, 20 Portman Square, W.1. February 26: "The Master of Gaignières' Purple Lectionary—A Detective Problem in the History of Illumination"; March 5: "Watteau's 'La Leçon d'Amour' and its Secret." Adm. free, without tkt.

ASHRIDGE. Course 18. Europe-Federation or Co-Operation. March 19/22. Introductory Address, Sir Robert Boothby, K.B.E., M.P.: The Council of Europe, Mr. S. H. C. Woolrych: Europe of the Six, Mr. Ernest Newman, B.Com., D.Econ.: Economic Aspects, Dr. Helen Makower, B.A., Ph.D.: The Attitude of the United States, Mr. Kenneth Harris. Inclusive Fee: £3 15*s*. Applications to The Secretary, Ashridge, Berkhamsted, Herts. Tel. Little Gaddesden 3191.

PRESENT Question Conference, July 24-31, 1954. Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. "Man in His Relationships." Speakers and Chairmen: Dr. A. L. Basham; Dr. Stella Churchill; W. D. Hogarth; Dr. Martin Johnson; Prof. A. Macbeath; John Mack; Prof. W. J. M. Mackenzie; Dr. J. H. Oldham; Dr. T. T. Paterson; Prof. G. Quispel; Sir Herbert Read; Otto van der Sprenkel; H. Westmann and others. Enquiries: 38-40 Beaumont Street, London, W.1

ANGLO-American Relations: Week-end School at Beatrice Webb House, nr. Dorking, Surrey, from Feb. 26-28. With Kenneth Younger, M.P., Denis Healey, M.P., Thomas Balogh & Ben Segal. Partics. from Fabian International Bureau, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

MARIONETTE School in the Cotswolds, April 21-30. Particulars from the Roel Puppet Theatre, Roel Farm, Guiting Power, Near Cheltenham.

FOREIGN Languages. Coaching at all standards daily 9 a.m.-9 p.m. London Schools for Languages, 20/21 Princes Street, Hanover Sq., W.1. MAY. 2120.

A COURSE in Russian Language and Literature will open shortly. G. Falchikov, the organiser, will be at College of Preceptors, Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1, for enrolment & further information on Mar. 1 from 6 p.m.

RUSSIAN lessons by experienced Russian teacher. Box 4527.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, July, August. Combine a delightful Tyrolean holiday at Koessen in the Inn Valley with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature: Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-Lore, etc., under Faculty Members of the University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 23*gns*.; 21 days, 27*gns*.); covers all travel, accommodation, meals, guides, lectures. Sleeper berth for the night journey, supplement 3rd class, 1½*gns*.; 2nd class, 2½*gns*. Write for leaflet "1954 Summer Courses," Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

NEW thought and research on social problems—drop a card now to Research Com. Sec., Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, for full details of Research Communications Project.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. on p. 239

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 237, 238, 239

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street London, S.E.1: Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.